OUR COUNTY

Shelf No.
2541.131

FOUNDED 1852
SIC UT PATRIBUS SIT DEUS NOBIS
BOSTONIA
CONDITA A.D.
1630.
QUORUM REGIMINE DONATA A.D. 1822.
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Heliotype Printing Co.

Boston Public Library

Do not write in this book or mark it with pen or pencil. Penalties for so doing are imposed by the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

This book was issued to the borrower on the date last stamped below.

B. P. L. FORM NO. 609: 10.26.32: 180M.

OUR COUNTY

The impression on the cover is a fac-simile of the seal used for many years past on County documents and papers. There is no evidence of any other seal having ever been used, till recently, in the County Offices.

OUR COUNTY.

SKETCHES IN PEN AND INK OF REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

BY

W. RYLAND D. ADKINS,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW;

COUNTY COUNCILLOR FOR THE DUSTON DIVISION OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Illustrations by

W. B. SHOOSMITH.

'IT TAKES ALL SORTS TO MAKE A WORLD.'

LONDON:

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

T. COLLINGS, WELLINGBOROUGH AND KETTERING.

1893.

B. H.

Sept 11. 1893

b.

TO

S. G. STOPFORD SACKVILLE, Esq.,

CHAIRMAN OF THE COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS

AND OF

THE COUNTY COUNCIL

OF

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,

THIS BOOK IS

Dedicated,

WITH MUCH REGARD AND ESTEEM,

BY

THE AUTHORS.

PREFACE.

THESE sketches are intended to be short descriptions of some of the leading men of Northamptonshire. To those who have consciously or unconsciously given sittings we render our hearty thanks, as we do also to those who have wittingly or unwittingly supplied anecdotes and information. We are aware that epithets suitable to a purely local estimate may, when judged by a larger standard, seem inappropriate and out of scale. For this inevitable fault we crave indulgence. Even judged by provincial measure, we are conscious of errors in here exaggerating fault, and there heightening virtue. For these we apologize, in the former case to the individual, in the latter to the county.

W. R. D. A.
W. B. S.

NORTHAMPTON, *May 11th*, 1893.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. EARL SPENCER	1
II. SIR HENRY DRYDEN	4
III. MR. E. P. MONCKTON	7
IV. MR. CHARLES POLLARD	10
V. THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH	13
VI. MR. DAVID DULLEY	16
VII. LORD KNIGHTLEY OF FAWSLEY	19
VIII. MR. J. RENNIE WILKINSON	22
IX. MR. H. P. MARKHAM	25
X. MR. THOMAS JUDGE	28
XI. MR. STOPFORD SACKVILLE	31
XII. MR. J. T. STOCKBURN	34
XIII. THE MARQUIS OF EXETER	37
XIV. DR. BUSZARD	40
XV. MR. C. J. K. WOOLSTON	43
XVI. SIR GEORGE GUNNING	46
XVII. REV. CANON BURY	49
XVIII. MR. WILLAN JACKSON	53
XIX. THE DUKE OF GRAFTON	56
XX. MR. M. P. MANFIELD, M.P.	59
XXI. MR. J. G. WILLOWS	62

PAGE

XXII. MR. T. R. B. L. M. CARTWRIGHT - - - - - 65

XXIII. MR. C. C. BECKE - - - - - - - - 68

XXIV. MR. H. M. STOCKDALE - - - - - - - 71

XXV. LORD HENLEY - - - - - - - - 74

XXVI. MR. JOSEPH WESTLEY - - - - - - - 77

XXVII. DR. GREENE - - - - - - - - 80

XXVIII. MR. G. L. WATSON - - - - - - - 83

XXIX. REV. J. T. BROWN - - - - - - - 86

XXX. MR. ALBERT PELL - - - - - - - 89

XXXI. THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON - - - - - 93

XXXII. MR. J. A. GOTCH - - - - - - - 96

XXXIII. MR E. C. BURTON - - - - - - - 99

XXXIV. MR. WILLIAM GOODALL - - - - - - 102

XXXV. MR. JAMES BARRY - - - - - - - 105

XXXVI. THE RIGHT HON. C. R. SPENCER, M.P. - - - - 108

XXXVII. LORD BURGHLEY, M.P. - - - - - - 112

XXXVIII. MR. JOHN DENNEY - - - - - - - 115

XXXIX. MR. N. P. SHARMAN - - - - - - - 118

XL. MR. J. L. STRATTON - - - - - - - 121

THE LORD-LIEUTENANT.

OUR COUNTY.

I.

EARL SPENCER.

ANY series of sketches dealing with the public men of Northamptonshire would naturally commence with the Lord-Lieutenant. And Lord Spencer is not only the official head of the county: he is in various ways the most prominent man it contains. He is the only Northamptonshire man who is of national importance. He has been till recently Chairman of the County Council. He is the Master of the Pytchley, and the undisputed leader of one of the two great parties in the county. Much of this distinction he owes no doubt to the good fortune of his birth. Among the many great families who have flourished in our county the Spencers have long been eminent, and have succeeded beyond most of their peers in inspiring public respect and achieving wide influence. Men still live who knew and honoured the third Lord Spencer, better known as the Bayard of politics, the 'Honest Jack Althorp,' and the high administrative ability of his father in the days of Trafalgar is still remembered by others than historians.

With such an ancestry, and amid such traditions, Lord Spencer might well start promisingly in the race of life, but his strongest opponents would admit that his present position has been mainly won

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

by his own character and abilities. He began well. When contesting South Northamptonshire in 1857, and taunted with slavish following of the brilliant name of Palmerston, his spirited reply that 'a name often stands for a principle' became a watchword in the conflict, and the truth of the saying defends Lord Spencer's politics to-day as much even as it did then. With his public career since, his profound interest in the Irish problem, and his memorable rule at Dublin, this sketch has nothing to do, save to notice that his eminence in *la haute politique* has immensely strengthened his influence and power among his Northamptonshire neighbours.

Lord Spencer's qualities, indeed, are such as naturally lead to influence, if not to popularity. The men who obtain ascendancy over their fellows generally do so either by their exhibition of peculiar and striking gifts, or by the possession to an extraordinary degree of the ordinary qualities which all men can appreciate. Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone are examples of the former. Lord Spencer shows the latter to a marked degree. His is not the eminence gained by great eloquence, profound culture, or dazzling wit; but the characteristics of the ordinary Englishman, his love of sport, his power of work, his steady perseverance, are just the qualities which Lord Spencer possesses to an unrivalled extent. In a county devoted to hunting, he is the keenest sportsman of all. In a district dependent upon agriculture, he is not only a great landlord, but a careful and independent watcher of the agricultural world. In a community of business men, he is the most assiduous of workers. Indeed, Lord Spencer's passion for all kinds of sport is surpassed by his passion for the *minutiæ* of public work. The dull routine of county business, the details of county finance, appear to have for him all the attractions of a romance, and the dignity with which he has guided the County Council since its birth is equalled by the pains with which he has mastered all the details which the new system of county government has so vastly increased. The same careful discharge of duty has marked his tenure of the Lord-Lieutenancy. To bring gradually and wisely into the ranks of the magistracy the leaders of other sections of the public than the landed

gentry, is a reform which Lord Spencer has quietly effected in the teeth of much opposition, yet with no undue haste ; and the general impression that he insists on new magistrates pledging themselves to attend to their duties when appointed has greatly strengthened the regard felt for him by all who value a wise administration of justice. From these circumstances it might well be imagined that Lord Spencer is universally popular, but such is far from being the case. A great Liberal nobleman, planted in the midst of a district where every squire and clergyman is a devotee of Toryism, it is natural that his position should excite envy and his principles detestation. Like all the Whig aristocracy who have for generations supported the cause of the people against the majority of their own class, Lord Spencer is proud, and his pride contrasts sharply with the genial absence of manners which characterizes the *nouveaux riches* of the Pytchley country. Those, indeed, who have had the honour of Lord Spencer's friendship in times of trouble and distress, know how warm and tender a heart beats beneath that austere demeanour, but men who wear their heart on their sleeve are more likely to earn the easy popularity which means so little and yet seems so much.

But if the absence of universal popularity can be compensated for by the devotion of political allies, Lord Spencer has the compensation in full. The Liberals of Northamptonshire trust him entirely, and, whether in county matters or imperial concerns, repose the greatest confidence in his leadership. Not, indeed, that he does much specifically for county Liberalism. By an honourable punctilio which Tory Lord-Lieutenants would do well to copy, he declines while thus representing her Majesty to address any political meetings within the county, and the same reason prevents his acting as an active organizer of Liberal effort. But his speeches and actions outside naturally have great weight within the county, and much of the courtesy and moderation which distinguish Northamptonshire politics from those of some other counties is due to the Liberal Party being led by one of the high position and higher character of Lord Spencer.

II.

SIR HENRY DRYDEN.

ALTHOUGH Lord Spencer is the only Northamptonshire man of prominence in the country at large, there is one other among our leading men who is widely known in centres of learning and among students of the past, and that is Sir Henry Dryden.

Most counties have their antiquary, and it is as the county antiquary that Sir Henry Dryden frequently appears to Northamptonshire people. If any traveller chances to see a quaint figure mounted on some ladder, and therefrom busily engaged in copying the faded inscription, or measuring the crumbling mouldings on some old ruins of church or castle, the chances are that the figure is that of Sir Henry Dryden. If anyone wants to know the exact alliances of old local families, or the alterations which the destroying hand of the restorer has made in some rare old fabric, to Sir Henry Dryden he is sent for information.

And while Sir Henry is the authority on antiquities to whom private inquirers are referred, he is also the leading exponent of old-world lore to the people at large. Every year he lectures in Northampton on some aspect of the lives of our ancestors, and the sight presented on these occasions is one not easily forgotten. A crowded hall, with many a sturdy Radical shoemaker, who listens with broadening smile to the numerous gibes which are hurled at his head; and on the platform a slight restless figure pacing rapidly from one illustration to another: now sketching an old gable on a black-

'LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.'

board, now calling for someone to come up and try on some ancient armour; then giving measured details of mediæval houses; then thanking God that there were no Radicals in those days. And so amid laughter and cheers the delighted audience and the discursive lecturer depart, and those who choose to recollect may be much the wiser for the varied facts and the caustic comments of one whose wit is equal to his knowledge. For Sir Henry Dryden is something more than a mere antiquary, and would be known in the county if he had never collected a relic, nor taken the rubbing of a brass. He is the only humorist of any worth that the county can boast, and he is the most genial as well as the most typical representative of the true-blue Toryism which looks on the modern Conservative as only one degree less degenerate than the modern Radical.

The head of that old family which numbers amongst its members the great poet who was born at Aldwincle Rectory, and whose splendid name is the most distinguished in the literary roll of the county, Sir Henry Dryden is seen at his best in the quaint and romantic home (Canon's Ashby) which suits him as a gem its setting. There, where the stately rooms and antique garden are rich in memories of Spenser and 'Glorious John,' where Cavalier and Roundhead fought in church and grange, where to-day the eye looks over woodland and cornfield to far Edgehill, Sir Henry Dryden seems like the embodiment of much that was once so great, and yet is now 'with the snows of yester-year.' He not only knows his own house with all its picturesque history, but he can tell the story—in some cases even more varied and important—of all the great houses in the county. Alone among his contemporaries he has the key to those numberless chambers of the past, which the historian must open and explore if that past is to be made as real as the present, and a chat with Sir Henry Dryden is essential to any man who would really grasp the traditions of Northamptonshire history.

With his love of all the *minutiæ* of old-world life, Sir Henry Dryden may well fancy that he has been born a century too late, whereas the truth is that he was born a generation too early. Had his youth lain,

not in the early Victorian era, with its comfortable ignorance of the meaning of history, but in these days when history is a science, and when it is possible to learn the significance of details, and the true value of antiquarian research, Sir Henry would have been far better able to weld his profound knowledge into some *magnum opus* which might have united the careful detail of George Baker with the insight of Green and Stubbs. As it is, the fear is always present that the intimate acquaintance with the varied particulars of the past which Sir Henry possesses may never be made available for the benefit of those who come after us, though his remarkable accumulation of materials, accessible now through his kindness to those interested in antiquities, will survive their collector.

Sir Henry is, however, a public man as well as a student. It is now nearly fifty years since he served as High Sheriff in the year that saw the Queen's visit to Burghley, and ever since he has been an active and energetic county magistrate and Conservative leader. His politics have at any rate the charm of utter and complete sincerity, and in these days of endless compromise and constant competition between parties for popular favour, there is a positive moral value in the steadfast position of one who is contented and resolved amid all changes, *Stare super antiquas vias.*

If, indeed, there are any of the community with whom Sir Henry Dryden is not quite popular, they are to be found among the peasantry outside his own neighbourhood. He is rather fond of criticising allotments, and wickedly suggesting that one allotment holder will often grow thistles for the benefit of his neighbours, and whether from there being a grain of truth in the taunt, or not, the local Radical scarcely loves him in consequence. Yet this is surely because his indignant critics know but little of him. To those who have more constant acquaintance with this lover of the past, he is the most kindly and amusing, the most individual and fascinating, among the figures who move across the stage where progresses the drama of our county's life.

A DIPLOMATIC CONSERVATIVE.

III.

MR. E. P. MONCKTON.

MR. E. P. MONCKTON is so much and so frequently *en evidence* in county affairs that it is natural he should occupy an early place in this series. A member of the old and distinguished family which numbers the Viscounty of Galway among its honours, he has always been within the charmed circle of the landed gentry. Charged with the cares of a large family and of a scattered and none too lucrative estate, he might well have considered his duties performed by an occasional attendance at Petty Sessions and a few sturdy speeches in defence of Church and Constitution. But, whether from higher conscientiousness, or ambition, or touched by the stirrings of the modern spirit, he has pursued a very different course, and his varied activities in all county matters are more engrossing than those of anyone else, save Lord Spencer and Mr. Wilkinson.

Till within the last few years he was best known as the hard-working and astute supporter of North Northamptonshire Conservatism. Not his the high and dry Toryism which despises popular methods only to receive political extinction. Many of his colleagues and friends are doubtless more logical in their unbending opposition to democracy, but Mr. Monckton is a Progressive Conservative or nothing. Indeed, when sometimes he descends upon Raunds or Desborough and prophesies smooth things and coming reforms, the puzzled Radical rubs his eyes and waits for Lord Burghley's less artful utterance before he can realize that he is at a Conservative meeting at all. His industry is

equal to his tact. No place is too small, and no occasion too insignificant, for him to present himself when his speech and presence might help his party, and his strongest opponents, while they feel the effect of his wary warfare, must be glad that the chief exponent of Toryism in the North is one so moderate and courteous. For Mr. Monckton's courtesy is unfailing and impartial. A more difficult man to overcome in negotiation or arrangement it would be hard to find, but he never injures his own successes by failing to respect the feelings of his adversaries.

Since the establishment of the County Council Mr. Monckton's public prominence has greatly increased. His willingness to work, and his unfailing patience when tedious work has to be done, have made him more useful than some of his superiors in natural ability. As Chairman of the local inquiries in various parts of East Northamptonshire, and as Chairman of the Education Committee, his opportunities of becoming widely known have been particularly great. In the former of these capacities he had much to do with guiding the Council wisely in a new departure, and while it can be truly, though impudently, said of him, that he asked questions about everything, however irrelevant, it is well to recollect that the importance of the inquiries might absolve a man from occasional prolixity and want of compression.

In educational matters his services are universally acknowledged. With the schemes of organization and methods of initiative he had quite as much to do as most of his colleagues, and when it was needed to explain the Council's policy at various centres, and excite public interest in the matter, Mr. Monckton did easily and effectively what no one else could have done so well.

He is at his best in all such subjects as border on controversy, yet may be made free of it, if treated with tact and management. No one of our public men can be better trusted to steer between various interests, and to avoid the faintest flavour of the injudicious. He has used his remarkable charm of manner to unite men of opposite opinions in harmonious public work.

These different departments by no means exhaust the list of Mr.

Monckton's activities. He has acted as Conservative Whip on the County Council, and as such has had full scope for his diplomatic talents. He fills the Recorder's chair at Northampton with urbane dignity, and if his impressive remarks in passing sentence fail to reach the hardened conscience of the prisoner, they are doubtless not without a tonic effect upon the jury and the police.

In religious matters as in political he takes a warm and genuine interest. The Church of England laity in the county number many notable names, but there are few from whom the Bishop can look for work and help to so great an extent as he can from Mr. Monckton. To promote the welfare of his Church he might be counted on for almost any sacrifice, and no one who knows him can doubt the sincerely religious temper of his mind.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Monckton's position is one of no common influence and power, and his attainment of it is the more noteworthy in that he is neither wealthy nor exactly brilliant. With the exception of his undoubted talent for political management he has done little to impress his associates with a sense of their own inferiority. He owes his place in the life of the county to worthier qualities. Of all those engaged in the 'rough and tumble' of party strife he is the most conspicuously courteous. He has an infinite faculty of taking pains. But, above all, he has avoided more carefully than any of his contemporaries the least approach to that manner and those actions which Mr. Whistler wittily defined as 'the gentle art of making enemies.'

IV.

MR. CHARLES POLLARD.

MR. CHARLES POLLARD belongs to a side of our public life very different from that adorned by the previous figures in this book. In writing of him one has passed from the region of aristocratic tradition and the old social order into the stirring and sometimes turbulent life of a rising and democratic town like Kettering. Even in Kettering there are some whose influence is greater and whose personality looms larger than that of Mr. Pollard, but no one else expresses so markedly as he does the special 'note' of Nonconformist Radicalism which is the dominant phase of Kettering public life.

A Dissenter of the Dissenters, Mr. Pollard has found the routine of the Baptist denomination all too conventional for his tastes, and has accordingly founded a Mission Hall, where he is unembarrassed by being obliged to agree with anybody. A fervent anti-vaccinationist, he has made the Kettering Board of Guardians the most lively debating society in the county, and yet his business ability has now secured for him the chairmanship. A nearly life-long teetotaler, he is a standing proof that the virtues of abstinence do not of necessity lead to craven timidity of deportment.

But while in these matters he is at once more energetic and rather more extreme than his neighbours, it is as a politician that he wins his place in the list of 'Our County.' Others may and do excel him in practical wisdom, and in the serious leadership of local parties, but when a popular discourse in telling language is needed Mr. Pollard

THE KETTERING BOANERGES.

can supply the want better than any man in the county. As a worker for the Liberal cause, he has all the force of unshaken conviction. He is quite persuaded that Nonconformity and Liberalism have made England great and prosperous, and he has no compunction in smiting his opponents with all his force. The methods of the auction-room, its rollicking jests and its convenient anecdotes, he applies with great skill to the political platform. Fastidious hearers may indeed now and then shiver a little at the vehemence of his attacks, but there is no doubt of their effectiveness, and it is as our best popular speaker that Mr. Pollard has made himself widely known.

When one passes from the speaking to the acting side of politics, Mr. Pollard becomes less prominent. While a County Councillor for Kettering he made no very special mark, and he himself was considerably to blame for his defeat at the last election. He is a little too fond of 'scoring off his own bat,' and, like many other showy and powerful speakers, does not lend himself easily to combining with others for common objects.

Yet he is considerably more than a mere 'Free Lance' in East Northamptonshire politics. No man has keener or truer sympathy with the oppressed and the helpless, and his aggressive fervour against alcohol and vaccination is due to much worthier reasons than a mere love of prominence. He has convinced himself that his action is for the public good, and he pursues his way with a tenacity which has had considerable success.

As may be imagined, he is not a *persona grata* to the 'other side,' and no man is probably more disliked by some of his opponents. There is a story that after his recent defeat at the County Council election the rejoicings at a certain hotel were so pronounced as to end in 'drinking damnation to the auctioneer.' Whether true or not, the prevalence of the story shows how he is regarded by the recipients of his slashing blows. Naturally also his popularity among the multitude, whose cause he champions, is very great. He is indeed a useful man in our county life. While men of a quieter temperament and greater tact are indispensable to all parties, there will long remain room for

those who can rouse enthusiasm, and who do not shrink from controversy. The cordial relations between men of different views, which largely prevails in Northamptonshire, has a danger of its own in the probability of too much compromise. To such danger there is a powerful antidote in Mr. Pollard, always a fighter, who deals shrewd thrusts at his opponent without pity, but also without malice. The fear that such a fighter is concerned only for his own interests cannot exist in this case, for Mr. Pollard is obviously sincere. Not his own party only is to be congratulated that the Kettering Boanerges (as he is styled) is one who has behind his warlike utterance sterling honesty and a warm heart.

'M. PETRIBERG.'

V.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

N every county in England great importance attaches to the Lord Bishop of the diocese, and although he has been with us but a short time, a place in this series is naturally ready for the Right Reverend Father in God Mandell Petriburgensis Episcopus.

It was fortunate for Northamptonshire, if unfortunate for himself, that Dr. Creighton was chosen to succeed the most eminent occupant of the throne of the golden minster. It was fortunate for the diocese, for while no equal to Dr. Magee was possible, the appointment of Canon Creighton made the inevitable descent as slight as could be hoped. It was unlucky for the Bishop himself, since no one could bear quite unharmed comparison with the masculine genius and consummate eloquence of his great predecessor.

Dr. Creighton is in a different way a man of the highest distinction. As a Fellow and Tutor of Merton he was one of the most prominent of the New Historical School, of which England is justly proud, and when he had written his great work on the History of the Papacy, he was rightly deemed to be the fit person to fill the New chair of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge. Only Dr. Stubbs and Mr. S. R. Gardiner can be quoted as of greater distinction in their own line, and men looked to him to carry the fame of English historical science to yet greater heights than it has yet attained. Great, therefore, was the disappointment among students and historians when it was announced that Dr. Creighton had from this high eminence fallen into a bishopric.

To be a bishop is indeed a position of enormous responsibility and great power for good, but while there are many bishops, and not a few clergymen who would be willing to take their places, the leaders of historical research in England can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Dr. Creighton is, however, an Englishman, and as such doubtless feels the attraction of active and public life even more powerful than the ideals of the scholar, and people are likely to find that his abilities are capable of ready adjustment to their new sphere. For he is a man who has always taken a strong interest in the practical ends of study. Like most Oxford men, he has a pretty taste in paradox, but there is generally not a little wisdom packed into his sententious phrases. On the special problems of the day he has ideas, and his own variety of interests and projects is well supported by the exceptional energy and versatility of Mrs. Creighton.

Nor is he deficient in elevation of temper any more than in varied sympathies. Without the superb eloquence of the late Bishop, he can yet put high thoughts into clear words, and the dust and detail of his official work does not prevent his showing from platform and pulpit much loftiness of thought and feeling. His hobby is architecture, and he accordingly loves his cathedral with a deep though discriminating affection.

It is true that there have been heard since his appointment the usual murmurs of criticism more or less intelligent. His pedantically accurate form of signature and his fondness for official decorations at public functions have been noted with disparagement of the new Bishop, and few would deny that he emphasizes the points of identity between Anglican and Roman ceremonial in a way which, to Protestants, is of sinister importance.

But these things do not denote, as would similar eccentricities in a curate, any startling want of mental power; they are merely the historian's affection for details which once had a significance, and which he is loath to admit have now lost it. Both those who welcome and those who oppose such matters as signs of doctrinal extremes are likely to find themselves disappointed.

Dr. Creighton has begun well because he has begun quietly. Wars and rumours of wars we may be sure will come. The great religious organization, of which he is the local head, is in these days in a chronic state of crisis, and those outside, as well as those inside it, may well notice with satisfaction the signs of care and moderation which Dr. Creighton has already shown. It may well be that the exigencies of administration may leave him little time to fulfil his brilliant promise in the realms of learning, but whether this be so or not, all Northamptonshire men must rejoice that the most famous Bishop of Peterborough in our century has been succeeded by a man of first-rate ability, who has far too much knowledge of the past to meet the present in a vulgar or partisan spirit.

VI.

MR. DAVID DULLEY.

AMONG the towns of Northamptonshire, Wellingborough has long had a distinct character. It has been remarkable for the wealth of its leading inhabitants, even when its rate of increase has temporarily declined, and, while possessing no citizen of overwhelming abilities, has a singularly large proportion of those who are interesting and representative in local public life.

There may be two opinions as to Mr. Dulley being the most influential man in the town. That he is the most conspicuous is obvious. And he owes this position not a little to the way in which he unites in himself opinions and aspects not often found in conjunction.

In an age of theological movement and universalist sentiment, Mr. Dulley prefers the sterner creed of Calvinistic ancestors. He is the deacon and pillar of the Baptist Tabernacle, though it is not recorded that he subscribes largely to the funds of the Band of Hope. For while the Nonconformist conscience is peculiarly sensitive to alcoholic influences, and resolute against Conservative politics, Mr. Dulley is above all things a brewer, and is a humble and sincere follower of the late Government. It was not always thus, and it does not take an old man to remember Mr. Dulley, like most of his neighbours, a Nonconformist Radical of the unbending type, and gleefully describing her Majesty's late adviser as 'Harum Scarum Sarum.'

But times change, and Mr. Dulley changes with them. Orthodox

'STOUT.'

in religion, and ardent in brewing, he has naturally been drawn to the great party which has known how to unite with distinguished success the varied attractions of beer and the Bible.

Mr. Dulley appears in various capacities as a public man, and in all of them does not forget to take himself seriously. He is an active County Councillor, and the Standing Orders were powerless to restrain him from reading an oration to his colleagues on the needs of Wellingborough. He is a valuable member of the Finance Committee, and was once heard to express gracious approval of Lord Spencer's annual 'Budget.' But a habit of benevolent patronage is merely Mr. Dulley's way, and many people and projects may be grateful that he extends it so widely.

He has not taken Wellingborough under his sheltering wing for nothing. Who that was present will forget the memorable day when his efforts for the widening of the bridge met with their reward? The solemn formalities, the long procession (in which, as Touchstone would have said, 'Motley was the only wear'), the inevitable speeches in a threatening climate, the astonished multitude, made up a *tout ensemble*, which, like Mr. Dulley himself, had an impressiveness all its own. Procession and banquet might indeed celebrate the bridge, but they were also the apotheosis of Mr. Dulley.

And indeed it would be easy to forgive Mr. Dulley far graver faults than his worst foes can charge him with, in return for his ceaseless devotion to his native town. Like the sailor in the song, whose foibles were overlooked, and whose life was applauded because 'his heart was true to Poll,' so Mr. Dulley's affection for Wellingborough endears him to many who chaff and to some who oppose him.

His last benefaction in the form of a swimming bath must be universally approved even by the fierce abstainers who happen to know that it is supplied by hot water from the brewery. In his chief local office, that of Chairman of the Local Board, he has not indeed done very exceptional work, and the problem of Wellingborough sewage remains a problem still. But Mr. Dulley has declared that he has taken the matter in hand, and if events move slowly,

one has only to look at Mr. Dulley to see that he is not a man to be hurried.

Mr. Dulley must always be a man of local importance as a leader of that great interest which divides men's opinions so sharply, and he may well stand in this list for the brewers of Northamptonshire. Yet apart from that and from his special local eminence at Wellingborough, he well deserves a place as a man of wealth and geniality who is ready to spare time from the heaping up of riches to serve the public with entire sincerity and no small amount of trouble. He is accessible and generous, and is willing to head any public movement for the good of his town. There is no doubt about his being popular, and he would be a bold man who would say that his popularity is undeserved.

L'ANCIEN RÉGIME.

VII.

LORD KNIGHTLEY OF FAWSLEY.

ORD KNIGHTLEY of Fawsley has for Northamptonshire people the double attraction of the oldest lineage and the newest peerage. None of the historic families of the county, save possibly the Wakes and the Rokebys, can rival him in length of descent or historical importance in the dim days before Henry VIII. created the new nobility, and the family achievement which adorns the famous mediæval hall at Fawsley has scarcely a rival in England.

It is illustrative of the position of the Knightleys that a story has gone the rounds that in the debate on the Franchise Bill in 1884, when Sir William Harcourt was replying to the various Conservative speeches, he dismissed the then Sir Rainald's contribution with the sly quotation from Addison :

> 'And (K)nightly to the listening earth
> Repeats the story of his birth.'

There is, however, a very good excuse for such a proceeding. The Knightleys were not only of high distinction in pre-Reformation days, but were at the very centre of important movements in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Fawsley was the cradle of the earlier Elizabethan Puritanism, and in the great controversies of the Civil War, while the nobility mainly followed Charles, the Knightleys, like most of the untitled landed gentry, were Parliamentarians, and of the greatest influence. The stern and stately faces which look down upon

the spectator in the dining-room at Fawsley tell more than many volumes of the iron resolution and indomitable will which shook the Stuart from his throne.

But with altered times come altered opinions, and in the last century the Knightleys passed from the local leadership of Puritanism to become for South Northamptonshire what the Cecils are for the North—the main props of the Established Church and the Tory Party. It is as the oldest and most experienced among active Conservative politicians in the county that Lord Knightley takes his place in this series. Elected for South Northamptonshire in 1852 as Mr. Rainald Knightley, in succession to that best of landlords and sturdiest of Tories, his father, 'Old Sir Charles,' he maintained his seat against all comers, till his retirement last July brought him the peerage his father had twice refused. Sir Rainald, as he has best been known, has borne with dignity and wisdom his influential position. A man of wide and varied reading and keen and caustic intellect (he knows the history and literature of the last century better than most professors or historians), he is a far abler man than many of his opponents have imagined. He vindicated his title to intellectual distinction by serving in 1865 on the committee which settled the laws of whist, and during his many silent years in Parliament he was one of the shrewdest observers of men and things. He is generally understood to have felt for Mr. Disraeli that contemptuous endurance which so many of the Tory gentry exhibited towards that parvenu of genius, but he has followed with a certain half-humorous resignation all the sensational developments of Conservative policy. Showing to his opponents as well as friends that old-world courtesy which is the rarest of survivals, and representing more than do most men the agricultural interest, he was an ideal county member of the ancient type. Without taking at any time a position of exceptional prominence, he has always been a person of marked individuality, and his reputation as a man of fine manners is not due to any deficiency in gifts for virile satire on occasion.

As an influential M.P., he has been greatly helped by his wife. Lady Knightley is almost the only lady in the county who has gained

in influence and consideration by active political work. Her energy and ability are widely known, and it is the fashion to say that to her Sir Rainald owed his seat in 1885 and 1886. That is possibly true, but if he has benefited greatly by her work, it is certain that his keen criticism and comment on political matters have been of much service to her as a political lady.

Sir Rainald's acceptance of a peerage was the surprise of last summer. Everyone thought the Knightleys far above the vulgar eminence of brand-new baronies. The explanation is, however, simple. To one who, like Lord Knightley, has been an *habitué* of Westminster for forty years, exclusion from that fascinating arena must be insupportable. Too much stricken in years to endure the unholy hours of the People's House, he has found a way of retaining the sense of being 'in politics' by patronizing the other House with his presence, and friends and opponents alike wish that his days upon the red benches may be long, happy and distinguished.

VIII.

MR. J. RENNIE WILKINSON.

FROM the sylvan delights of Fawsley Park to the open fields of Addington is a far cry, but there is something in common between the leading figures of the two places. For Mr. Rennie Wilkinson, like Lord Knightley, is a survival, though a survival of a very different period. Lord Knightley preserves to our day the ideas and manners of the early Victorian Tories; Mr. Wilkinson is a child of that middle-class Radicalism which followed Cobden in economics and Edward Miall in religion. The son of a Yorkshire manufacturer, and settled as a small landowner in our county for the last twenty years, it is greatly to his credit that he has surmounted the rather narrow individualism of his early training so far as to be a trusted leader of advanced Liberalism in all parts of the county. It may be doubted if any Liberal politician in Northamptonshire—always excepting Lord Spencer—has so much influence as Mr. Wilkinson. There are, indeed, in Kettering and Wellingborough, to say nothing of elsewhere, Liberals of greater wealth, and at least equal natural ability, but none of them have devoted the time and untiring energy to politics which Mr. Wilkinson with his comparative leisure has been able to give. For many years he has been unceasing in his service to the Liberal propaganda, and he has brought to the task a luminous sincerity of purpose and much power of acquiring and disseminating knowledge. He, however, knows little of and cares less for the arts of political manœuvring, which as

A MODEST RADICAL.

the world goes is a pity, though in his case it is compensated for by the purity and high tone of his political morality.

Mr. Wilkinson has won consideration in other fields. He was Chairman of the Thrapston Board of Guardians for years with great success, and some parts of his policy there, such as his treatment of the chaplain question, have awakened interest beyond the mere locality. He is the most painstaking and accurate of County Councillors, and his knowledge is deeper and more detailed than that of his more showy colleagues. On the succession of Mr. Sackville to the chair last January, he was unanimously chosen Vice-Chairman, and the consensus of feeling in his favour was pleasantly shown by the congratulations he received from some of the oldest and proudest among the Tory squires. He is a specialist on the subject of primary education, the study of which he has approached from several sides. He has notions about the management of highways that he has carefully elaborated for the benefit of his fellow-Councillors. Perhaps his least public work is as a bank director, but he deals with all matters in the same way, namely, by making sure of his facts and then arguing solidly upon them.

Party politics and County Councillorship do not exhaust his activities. Nonconformity in Northamptonshire is not the power it was in the last century, but it still forms an important part of the county life, and Mr. Wilkinson is indubitably the most influential of local Nonconformists. He has given much time and attention to the wants of village Nonconformity, and his moderation of tone and careful avoidance of offensive expressions only make him the more strenuous and effective leader. He is a fair embodiment of the Liberal side of opinion in religion and politics, without a trace of that aggressive independence which sometimes attends the manner of reformers. Mr. Wilkinson's only vice, on the contrary, is that of modesty, and in a world which is apt to take people at their own estimation, his self-apologetic demeanour is a hindrance to his usefulness.

He is not superficially impressive, and strangers only gradually realize his powers of leadership. But he can be stalwart on matters of

principle, as when he denounces intemperance, and yet, fervent total abstainer that he is, he is scarcely hated even by the Wellingborough brewers.

Mr. Wilkinson is a curious example of want of sympathy with the sporting and athletic side of life. There is a story that the Woodland Pytchley, in full cry across some fields near Addington, were astounded to observe a pedestrian who never lifted his eyes to see the hunt pass. That pedestrian was Mr. Wilkinson. There is, indeed, evidence that he has purchased tennis racquets, but it is surmised that these were for the use of his friends. It is true he rides a tricycle, but only to increase the speed with which he can fulfil his engagements. Alone among our public men he seems not to need or to desire relaxation from public duty and civic work.

To speak of Mr. Wilkinson's private qualities is beyond the scope of this sketch, but many would admit him to be the most unselfish of our local leaders. The most staunch of friends and the fairest of foes, he is not only generous and considerate, but he has also the far rarer charity 'which thinketh no evil and is not easily provoked.' He is something beyond a painstaking politician or a careful administrator. He is a moral force of great but quiet value. He is more than ornamental. He is genuine.

'MY DEAR MARKHAM.'

IX.

MR. H. P. MARKHAM.

LORD BEACONSFIELD is said to have remarked that England was governed by its permanent officials. Of no department of administration is this more true than of the spheres of local authorities, and the distinguished names which are most prominent in our county have really less to do with the smooth administration of affairs than the clerks to Guardians, Justices, and Sanitary Authorities, who are nominally their servants. Among these public officials Mr. H. P. Markham, the Clerk of the Peace, holds the foremost place. He has been all his life at the centre of county business, and as Under Sheriff, and then as Clerk of the Peace, has accumulated an experience of judicial and administrative work of no ordinary kind. He has, too, the advantage of hereditary training in law and public business. The Markhams have been a noteworthy Northamptonshire family for nearly three centuries. Neither lost in the ranks of the squires nor sinking into obscurity, they have been for generations professional men of weight and ability in Northampton and neighbourhood. Like all families which have maintained a distinct position for so long a time, they have developed marked and, in this case, attractive characteristics. Few Northamptonshire people can mistake a Markham when they meet him. A fine carelessness of usual convention, a good-natured downrightness of statement, a comic indifference to the general opinion, do not hide successfully the good breeding and kind-heartedness of them all. Mr. H. P. Markham has these qualities to the full. If he

does not, like one of his race, receive his clients in hot summer weather in his shirt-sleeves, it can only be because it has not occurred to him, and certainly not from any strait-laced objection to so healthy and admirable a procedure. Under the old rule of Quarter Sessions, Mr. Markham showed himself something more than an efficient Clerk of the Peace. His genial and confidential nature made him the friend as well as the adviser of successive generations of county magnates, and not a few noble lords and broad-acred squires have found a valued and trusted guide in 'My dear Markham.' He has shown, however, greater ability in adapting himself to the new order of things since 1889. Already past the threescore years and ten when the Local Government Act of 1888 created the County Council and trebled his work, he rose to the occasion with the energy of a young man and the tact of an old one. Without a shadow of presumption or interference, he has quietly gained an influence over many of the *novi homines* almost equal to that he has exercised over his old friends, and the unassuming kindness with which he has helped young and inexperienced Councillors has been a public service as well as a private boon.

He has been, in his time, a sturdy partisan, like most men. He was a Northampton Town Councillor for nearly twenty years, making an excellent Mayor in 1862, and he fought the Conservative battle with energy and occasionally some aggressive force. Always meaning to be fair, and given to reasoning rather than to prejudice, he was not quite the easiest man to whom to show any side of a subject which he had happened to overlook. Possibly this added to his value as a combatant, and as long as he moved among them he was a tower of strength to Northampton Tories.

But time has mellowed his political feelings, and blunted the edge of his controversial utterance. To-day he is the confidant of men of all parties, and uses his private influence not for any party, but only for the promotion of peace and goodwill. The profuse generosity which, like many Markhams, he has always shown to the poor and needy only springs from the same philanthropy which dictates his constant efforts

to cause public affairs to go smoothly, and to make public opponents into private friends.

Without being exactly a brilliant lawyer, he has always been a careful and conscientious one. So long ago as 1850 he was reading papers at Social Science Congresses on the mysteries of Real Property, and he has the true professional instinct for 'a nice point' or 'a beautiful technicality.'

Though primarily a person of serious purpose and hard work, he has always had an eye for the pleasant side of life. His *répertoire* of anecdotes about local worthies is large and varied, and he manages, with combined care and luck in the telling of his stories, to be both interesting and good-natured. He has been much given all his life to bowls, and also to hospitality. Members of the Midland Circuit remember him gratefully for the latter failing, and the pork-pies he has dispensed to the Sessions Bar since his appointment as Clerk of the Peace in 1846 have doubtless been responsible for many a soaring flight of forensic eloquence.

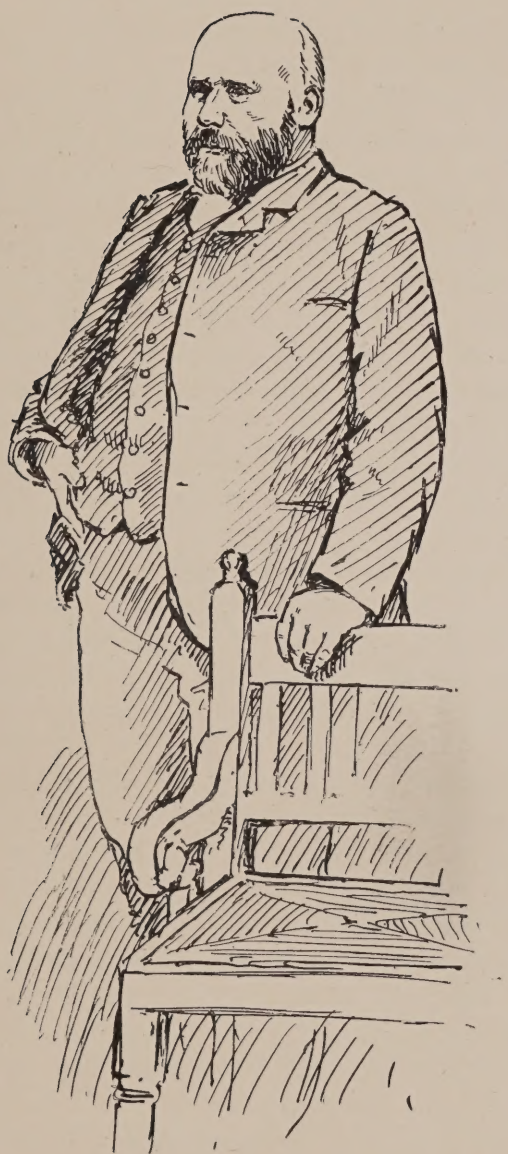
He is an earnest religious man, with a quaint devoutness all his own, and few of our public men can look back on a life spent with a more sincere and simple desire to advance the common good.

X.

MR. THOMAS JUDGE.

IN all communities there are those whose function it is to protest and to point out abuses, as well as those who are responsible for the maintenance of social and civic machinery. It is well that the smoothness of administration should be occasionally broken by irruptions from outside; that the impact of fresh and living, though not always pleasant, forces should be felt upon those official arrangements which might otherwise become too much immersed in routine.

Accordingly, a genuine interest attaches to Mr. Thomas Judge, who is the *enfant terrible* of Northamptonshire politics. In his remote home on the edge of the county, his view of his own character must be that of a prophet crying in a Tory wilderness, and if he has not the prophetic wisdom he has a double portion of the prophet's zeal. A prosperous Brackley grocer and a Radical of the Radicals, he has long seemed to the sedate and rather solemn Conservatives of that district as 'a messenger of Satan sent to buffet them.' For there is nothing retiring in Mr. Judge's temperament, and he does not mince his language in describing his opponents, as well as their opinions. Endowed with a sturdy frame that does not know fatigue, and gifted with a fluency of speech beyond that of any of his rivals, he has long been a redoubtable figure at Liberal demonstrations in the extreme south of Northamptonshire. When there has happened to be an interval in which no meetings have been held, he has not hesitated to employ his leisure by fervent and energetic letters to the Northampton and



THE PALADIN OF BRACKLEY.

Banbury papers on the politics of the hour. Radical as he is, he is nothing if not individual in his opinions. Some persons say he is a Parnellite, but he certainly gave Mr. Balfour's Land Purchase Bill a cordial support, and yet he looks forward to the time when Mr. Labouchere will be called on, not to join, but to form an Administration. Below these inconsistencies of utterance, however, he conceals a strong and constant sympathy with the needs of the poor and friendless, and firmly as he believes in himself as a popular leader, he believes quite as much in the cause of popular progress for its own sake. It is no doubt unfortunate that his fervid eloquence should occasionally lead him into ferocity of expression; witness the legend which credits him (inaccurately) with wishing in public, during the last election, that Sir Rainald Knightley were safely in Fawsley Churchyard. But his foes make the most of this failing, and his bark is far worse than his bite.

Since 1890 he has been a County Councillor, and in this capacity has done admirable work. When he first appeared at the Council, his irrepressible eloquence, and his confident attitude on difficult questions, made some speak of him as *vox et præterea nihil*, but it soon became clear that common-sense and no small tenacity lay behind his vigorous diatribes.

He had, for instance, told the hard-working peasants whom he represents that the expense of the Council elections was too heavy, and, once elected, he promptly took the question up. It was amusing to watch the Radical lawyers sitting silent and embarrassed, while this dauntless reformer contrived to reduce the cost of the triennial election by at least a third. Nor has he been less successful in matters of more purely local concern. It is a pity that he shows so robust a confidence on technical points, such as drew even from Lord Spencer the jest about the uncertainty of Judge-made law; but still as a County Councillor he has been and is a useful public man.

To the philosophical eye Mr. Judge is a remarkable and creditable instance of the power which a resolute man has of getting clear from the habits and restrictions of his class. As a rule the tradesmen in

small towns and villages take one of two courses: If a Conservative, the shopkeeper follows piously and modestly in the wake of the local gentry, and takes with elaborate gratitude such crumbs of patronage as fall from the Ruling Councillor's table. If a Liberal, he gives a timid half-crown to the local association, and when an election is safely passed thanks God that he has been able to vote straight, though quietly, and yet not lose the whole of his custom. Neither of these methods has commended itself to Mr. Judge. He has proclaimed his opinions on many platforms. There is little done at the Brackley Town Council or Board of Guardians without his knowing the reason why. He has shown that it is possible for a tradesman to be aggressively independent, and yet to lose nothing in consideration or material prosperity. He is much more of an example than a warning.

'A PERSON OF QUALITY.'

XI.

MR. STOPFORD SACKVILLE.

MR. STOPFORD SACKVILLE, who would have been the Duke of Dorset if his mother had been a man, is *par excellence* a person of quality. He is a Sackville of Drayton, that famous house which, if it yields to Burghley in uniform magnificence and to Althorp in pictorial riches, yet excels them and all the county houses in the wealth and subtlety of its artistic and historic charm.

He is the proudest and most able of the landed gentry, who even in these days condition county life more than either the peers above them or the people below. He is the leader of the Conservative Party in the county. He is the Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and the Chairman of the County Council. He diversifies his leisure by presiding over the Thrapston Board of Guardians.

Nor are his intellectual endowments unequal to his official position. They are, indeed, more than adequate. He is the only really brilliant man in Northamptonshire politics. There are others of greater weight of practical wisdom or of superior dexterity in diplomatic arts. But in that combined quickness of perception and of expression which constitute brilliancy Mr. Sackville is locally unrivalled. All that the most varied attainments directed by the most fastidious taste can do to show a highly cultivated gentleman is illustrated by Mr. Sackville. He may not be so learned as Lord Henley in the scholastic side of politics, and specialists like the Bishop and Sir Henry Dryden doubtless know more than he does of certain aspects of the past, but in general culture,

and especially in those lighter departments so dear to the polite world, he stands first in the county. He is a purist in style, and his standard of language in the most trivial of public matters, as in the more important, is far higher than that of his colleagues. The list of his accomplishments would be a long one. He can throw off at a moment's notice nervous and vigorous satiric verse, which his foes would admit to be an excellent imitation of Pope. He is a connoisseur in bric-à-brac and old china, and has a knowledge of heraldry which befits his distinguished descent. More than all, he possesses that literary feeling and that sense of form which are the unfailing test of a man of true culture. Yet even this 'admirable Crichton' has his vulnerable points. By one of those curious paradoxes of which history is full, the man of all others whose sense of verbal finish is most acute and refined is the very one who is most often criticised as failing in the *suaviter in modo* in actual life. It is the fashion, even among those who ought to know better, to speak of Mr. Sackville as one who rides roughshod over the feelings of some of his opponents. This, of course, is nonsense. There are in reality few kinder men in the county than he is. But it may frankly be admitted that his tendency to make jests which dull men mistake for gibes, and a certain brusque haughtiness of manner, have militated against his popularity. They have perhaps done more, and hindered at any rate his Parliamentary career. For he was early sent to St. Stephen's to represent North Northamptonshire, and was one of the many clever men who sat silent through the Disraeli Parliament of 1874—1880. A man, however, may be well qualified for Parliamentary life—and no Northamptonshire man has higher qualifications than Mr. Sackville—and yet be a very unpersuasive candidate. There are moments at election times when a curve of the lip or an elevation of the nostril may cost five hundred votes. This may possibly explain why he is not now supporting the sacred cause of the Union at Westminster.

Mr. Sackville's opinions are at least as remarkable as his abilities. He would scarcely like to be called the Mr. Judge of the Conservative Party, but while poles asunder from that worthy Radical in every other

way, he is exactly like him in being the most vehement and extreme politician of his party. The old-world Toryism of Lord Knightley and Sir Henry Dryden, and the flexible Tory democracy of Mr. Monckton, are both widely different from the fervent Conservative zeal of Mr. Sackville, which has all the antique nature of the one and the vigour of the other. He holds in this year of grace, and with the force of a man in the prime of life, opinions which would have seemed reactionary to Lord Eldon and obsolete to Sir Robert Inglis. The grand old dictum of Bishop Horsley, that 'the only business the people have with the laws is to obey them,' fits Mr. Sackville's ideas to a nicety. It would probably strengthen his belief in the wisdom and benevolence of the Deity if the cholera were to remove Mr. Gladstone and his principal colleagues. In county politics he is the steadfast advocate of the divine right of the squirearchy. He looks upon the peers with a scornful tolerance, and upon the commercial classes with an even less sympathetic eye. Yet if he thinks the power of county government to be among his hereditary possessions, he takes a lofty view of the obligations which such duties carry with them. When it actually comes to practical business he can be as liberal and as wise as anyone, and he is uprightness itself. His virtues and his foibles are alike those of a transparently sincere man. He is as straightforward to opponents as to friends. He is the soul of honour. No great Whig noble, no ardent democrat, can desire the welfare of Northamptonshire more than he does, or be more willing to do his utmost for its benefit. His services as an officer of the militia, of one battalion of which he is Colonel, have been long and valuable. If his devotion to his order leads to the restriction of his power and his attraction within too narrow limits, it must at least be admitted that the squires could have no abler or more zealous leader. He is the best all-round man in Northamptonshire, and Northamptonshire may well be proud of him.

XII.

MR. J. T. STOCKBURN.

TO Northamptonshire generally Mr. Stockburn appears as the most prominent representative of Kettering life. He does not, indeed, represent the prevailing bias of thought in that town in so picturesque and vehement a way as Mr. Charles Pollard, and he never goes out of his way to advertise himself. But in matters of public business which affect the town of Kettering, it is the opinion and advice of Mr. Stockburn which is found to be of most importance in the long-run.

Mr. Stockburn is, indeed, a very good specimen of successful commerce, and as such is typical in no slight degree of the town which, more than any in the county, has flourished and increased in the last twenty years. He has acquired a competence in that branch of industry which produces an article of commerce considered needful in this age of decadence to the perfecting of the female form divine. But he has found time to do much for Kettering, and for public affairs, besides succeeding as a manufacturer.

He is conspicuous as a politician, and is the Chairman of the East Northamptonshire Liberals. He has long worked with untiring energy in the Liberal cause. To him, as much as to any man, was owing the successful candidature of Mr. Spencer for North Northamptonshire in 1880. By him was Mr. Channing introduced to East Northamptonshire in 1885. The marked efficiency of the Liberal Party in that constituency now is not a little due to his wise and tactful guidance, for the knowledge in practical matters of what to do

'HONEST JOHN.'

and how to do it is the special gift of Mr. Stockburn. There is nothing romantic about him. He is not a fluent speaker. Genial as he is to his friends, he shows none of that magnetic quality which makes a man the object of the affection of multitudes. It is his admirable sense, combined with an unstudied absence of offensiveness, which has made him the power he is. Kettering people may seek elsewhere for fiery orations, but they know that from Mr. Stockburn they will get the best advice, and be in no danger of having it admixed with unwise 'flings' at opponents.

It was these qualities which made him a valuable member of the County Council from 1889 to 1892. He never spoke except when he had something to say, and having said that clearly and briefly, he declined to take up the Council's time with unneedful verbiage. As a consequence he was listened to, and his opinion in committee had value.

He is the same as Chairman of the Kettering Local Board. Whether merely administering local affairs, or defending the town against the County Council strictures in that most difficult matter, the Kettering sewage, he is quietly resolute and courteous. He is not given to hesitation, but rather is pleasantly positive, and contrives to be so without giving his opponents needless annoyance.

His robust and earnest Liberalism was seen in his courageous pledge that Lord Burghley should not 'walk over' if he had to fight him himself. As everyone knows, he did so fight him, and was decisively beaten. Opinions have differed as to Mr. Stockburn's qualifications as a candidate. His opponents sneered *more suo* at a Kettering manufacturer daring to attack the banded aristocrats of the North. Some of his friends have spoken of him as an 'ideal' candidate. The truth of course lies between the two opinions. In untiring industry, in cheery and unselfish toil, and in sturdy devotion to principle, he could not be excelled. His tact and his attitude to his opponents were worthy of all praise. His straightforward sincerity of utterance worthily earned him the sobriquet of 'Honest John.' But any man mainly identified with town life must of necessity be at a disadvantage

in fighting a rural division against the scion of the most popular family, save perhaps one, in the county, and, Mr. Stockburn possessing neither great wealth nor great eloquence, the result was not surprising.

It is needless to say that he has borne his defeat with modesty and cheerfulness. He is not easily disposed of, and in one way or other may be reckoned on to fight the Tories with good-humoured perseverance as long as there is breath in his body. He is a sturdy though not an aggressive Nonconformist. Generous and hospitable, he may be relied on to assist in good works and to relieve the afflictions of the needy.

He is not unaffected by the athletic side of life. He has ridden out with hounds for many years, and knows the country round Kettering as well as most people. He has taken of late years to that most dangerous form of dissipation, amateur farming. Still, as it is his own land he farms, he is entitled to please himself. Apart from that he has only one fault. He never wears a collar.

THE LORD OF BURGHLEY.

XIII.

THE MARQUIS OF EXETER.

VERYONE knows Tennyson's famous ballad of the landscape painter and 'The Cottage Countess,' and the famous lines which describe

> 'The stately homes of lord and lady,
> Built for pleasure and for state,'

which the lovers passed on their homeward way.

To Northamptonshire men these may well suggest the great houses, Boughton, Kirby, Deene, Bulwick, Laxton, and Fineshade, which adorn the road that leads to 'Burghley House by Stamford town.' As the owner of that crowning splendour of Northamptonshire Lord Exeter naturally appears in this series, even if he had not other claims to a prominent place in 'Our County.' That he has such claims everyone knows. To the foreigner, and even to remote Englishmen, he may be best known as the possessor of Verrio's finest ceilings, of Grinling Gibbons' masterpieces in carving, of Holbeins and Carlo Dolcis passing price, but to his fellow-citizens of Northamptonshire he is valued still more for his own sake.

Although the hereditary leader of Toryism in the North, he has not made much stir in regions of high politics. He served, indeed, that decorous apprenticeship to Parliamentary life which is demanded of the eldest son of a great Tory Marquis. As Lord Burghley, he sat for South Lincolnshire and North Northamptonshire successively, and since he succeeded his father he has, during one Conservative Administration, filled the Captaincy of the Gentlemen-at-arms. He is an

Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. But his most valuable public work has been done outside the limits of party strife. He has devoted himself not to the platform and the hustings, but to fish, lunatics, and militiamen.

As a pisciculturist he is well known throughout the country, and he was a prominent figure at the Fisheries Exhibition of 1883. He has at Burghley a large trout-breeding establishment which is not only one of the most interesting sights in the county, but one of the most instructive displays of scientific fish-culture to be seen anywhere.

In matters of county business he has chiefly busied himself upon the committee of the County Asylum. The erection of the present building at Berry Wood and its admirable arrangements are not a little owing to Lord Exeter, and Dr. Greene has had no kinder or more careful member of the committee than he. What he did under Quarter Sessions he continued under the County Council till his Aldermanship expired in 1892, and his work in this field has been much more important than the public generally are aware.

It is, however, as Colonel for twenty-eight years of the county Militia that Lord Exeter has done most for his country. When in 1852 this force was revived, largely through the efforts of Mr. H. P. Markham, he at once joined it, and in 1860 succeeded Mr. Maunsell as its Colonel. There are few things more important than the county Militia, and in commanding so long and so well Lord Exeter has laid Northamptonshire under a heavy debt. When at last, in 1888, the rule of the service compelled his retirement, it was amid universal regret. He was beloved by his men and honoured by his officers. His natural kindness helped him to maintain a firm and wise discipline, and everyone knew that through all those long years Lord Exeter was devoted to his battalions, and cared for nothing so much as for their efficiency and good conduct. In all this he met with the success which he deserved, and no one speaks of his connection with the Militia save with affection and enthusiasm.

Lord Exeter is probably the best liked of all the public men in Northamptonshire. That wide popularity which some men seek by

assiduous arts, and others seem incapable of acquiring under any circumstances, has come to him unsought, and in full measure. Perhaps the secret of it is to be found in the fact that he, alone of the great magnates of our county, seems unable to remember that he is a person of consequence at all. If so, his selfless courtesy has its reward. He has no enemies and but few detractors. To gentle and simple alike he is the most lovable of men. Everyone regrets that of late years ill-health has withdrawn him from public life more and more. Through his constant and generous kindness the treasures of his great house are seen by myriads of less fortunate people every year; and many of those whose eyes linger on the treasures of art and *virtu* which adorn the rooms at Burghley, must rejoice that these gifts of the gods should have been lavished on one so worthy of his high estate as William Alleyne Cecil, Marquis of Exeter.

XIV.

DR. BUSZARD.

THE medical profession is not often much to the fore in public life. Only when some epidemic makes doctors absolute, or some *cause célèbre* renders their evidence of absorbing interest, is their work done under the fierce light of general publicity. Every county, however, has its leading physician, who is the local oracle of medical science, and who is sought by the general practitioner to endorse his fears, or justify his hopes, in critical cases. Such a century ago was 'old Dr. Kerr,' such fifty years ago were Dr. Kerr the younger and Dr. Robertson, and such at the present time is the subject of this sketch, Dr. Buszard. Originally a surgeon of marked skill, he has now for some years practised as a consulting physician, and is the senior honorary physician to the County Infirmary. For many miles round Northampton town his authority in medical matters is supreme, and when any prominent man fears that the shadow of the Great Destroyer is upon him, he generally flies to a London specialist or to Dr. Buszard. In this most responsible capacity no words can be too strong to express Dr. Buszard's value or attainments. A resolute upholder of the better side of professional traditions, he yet has a width and liberality of view which is not universal among his brethren, and the quickness of his perception and the weight of his judgment are only equalled in value by his kind and encouraging manners in cases where kindness and encouragement are vital. He is a dignified and competent leader of 'the doctors' of Northamptonshire.

THE COUNTY PHYSICIAN.

But there is another Dr. Buszard altogether. By an odd freak of fortune this quiet and skilful physician is a fervent student of politics, and has plunged into public life in Northampton town with a vigour and force which has been of great service to his party. It is rare indeed that members of his profession turn aside to partisan conflicts in the public arena, and rarer still that when they do they make their mark.

His worst foes must admit that in this case the mark has been made. Dr. Buszard is a strong Conservative, and it has frequently happened of late years that the Radicals of Northampton have had among their representatives excellent men who have yet been open to keen criticism and whose public zeal has often needed more discretion to make it invulnerable. Against such men Dr. Buszard's debating powers have been exerted with much acuteness and point. He doubtless finds it an exhilarating change to pass from the stillness of the sick-chamber into the hot centre of the political fray. In the one he is suavity and courteous tenderness personified. In the other he embodies vigorous and direct invective with equal completeness, and fights the Radical champions with the same unsparing vigour with which he would fight the small-pox.

But behind his fighting ways there is the same shrewd sense which is of so much service to him in his profession. The sanitary department of the Town Council's work is all the better for his advice and assistance, and in the cause of public health he is rightly intolerant of false and short-sighted economy. On ceremonial occasions also he possesses the power of saying sensible and suitable words in a dignified way, and if his political opponents prefer him as a physician rather than as a Town Councillor, they would admit that he has shown no small ability in the public sphere he has chosen.

Nor are politics and physic his only interests. Though his pulse may occasionally quicken with party zeal, he is essentially a healthy man in mind and body. He is devoted to lawn tennis, and at not a few tournaments he is often plausibly mistaken for the elder brother of his only son.

Though now for long a prominent figure in the ways just indicated, Dr. Buszard is not a native of Northamptonshire. He was born at Lutterworth, Leicestershire, where his family have long been settled. Their numbers and importance in that old town is best illustrated by a recent incident. An eminent Northamptonshire man was viewing the church, with its memories of Wycliffe, and noticed how many tombs in the churchyard bore the name of Buszard upon them. He called the attention of the sexton to this, and mentioned his acquaintance with Dr. Buszard. 'Yes, sir,' replied the quaint guardian of the graves, 'there are a many of them, but, bless you, sir, we've got plenty of room for the rest.' Surely the fiercest foes of the political doctor will murmur '*Absit omen.*'

"CANDOUR."

XV

MR. C. J. K. WOOLSTON.

HE fashionable view of Dissenters, that they are a feeble and vulgar folk, who, like the Shetlanders in the story, earn a precarious livelihood by taking in one another's washing, is scarcely borne out by the circumstances of Wellingborough life. There more than half the wealth, and certainly not less than half the intelligence, are attached to persons of the Nonconformist persuasion, and in most cases of the Radical fraternity. Conservatism and Churchmanship are indeed on the increase, and there are hybrids between the camps, such as he who figures as number six in this series. But it is the Free Church Liberals who give the prevailing tone to Wellingborough life. Among the several leading families of this party the Woolstons have long been influential, and of the Woolstons by far the ablest and most conspicuous is the subject of this sketch. He does not, indeed, like his brother-in-law, Mr. David Dulley, pose on all occasions as the guardian angel of his native town, but he represents with full adequacy many of its aspects and tendencies. In politics he is a genuine and vigorous Liberal, quite up to the times in recognising the needs of party organization, and as anxious to promote the prosperity of 'the Club' as that of the Liberal Association.

As a representative of the commercial classes of the county he takes a high place, and brings to the transaction of public business a keen observation and power of decision, which have been useful to him in the buying of barley. At the founding of the County Council he was

elected an Alderman, and soon showed himself a valuable element in the government of the county. He is just as anxious as his fellow-townsmen on the Council to help the interests of Wellingborough, but he is free from the suspicion of infatuated persistence to which the others are occasionally liable. He has served on several committees, and has recently been appointed Chairman of the Sanitary Committee. In this capacity he should do well, since he knows how to transact business details with firmness and rapidity.

He does not often speak in public, and when he does some critics attribute to him, as to the Duke of Devonshire, the defect of appearing bored with his own remarks. This, if true, would be a pity, for the appearance of boredom in a speaker always produces its reality in his hearers. But it is an exaggeration, since Mr. Woolston's speeches are the result of deliberation and thought, though one may admit that they merit a more declamatory manner than he usually practises. No man surpasses him as a watchful guardian of Liberal rights and interests, and he entertains no misplaced affection for political opponents. He would probably like to be described as a plain, blunt man, who loves his friend and hates his enemy, and he certainly entertains a robust detestation of devious ways and insidious devices.

Mr. Woolston has now for more than ten years been a magistrate, and as he has had till recently only one colleague resident in Wellingborough, his office is no sinecure, and he can probably administer an oath in as short a time as anyone.

He is a warm and generous supporter of local Congregationalism, and holds to the principles of a Free Church in a Free State with unflinching tenacity. The contrast, indeed, between his somewhat old-time view of Church and State questions and his very modern temper of mind in other things is, to those who know him well, rather striking.

Possessed himself of musical taste, and the father of children who show musical talent, he has used his wealth to develop that side of public worship in a way which will be of lasting service to his co-

religionists. He is one of the most hospitable of men, and fails to conceal beneath a dry humour his real good-nature.

It is sometimes urged by his critics that his energy in public matters is fitful and uncertain, and that, having bestirred himself for a while, he will relapse into languor. This is a misapprehension. He is wise enough to know that there is a time for recreation as well as public work, and is all the better citizen because he makes time to pursue partridges as well as politics.

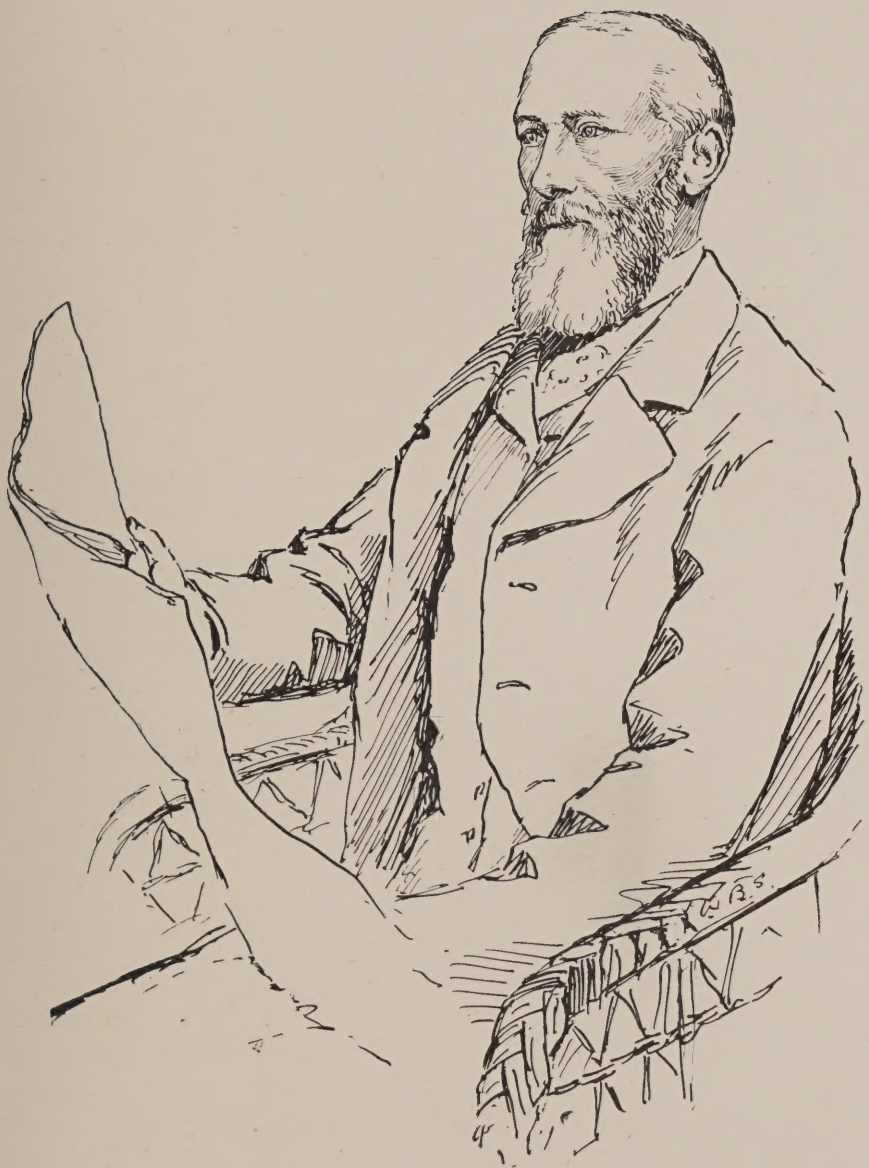
Like most hard fighters in controversial affairs, he suffers from the calculated depreciation of his opponents, and his very candour perhaps prevents him from always making the best of himself. But all who know him, whether as foe or friend, must recognise his strong sense and his talent for affairs, and, young as he is of his age, he may be expected to play for many years a conspicuous and honourable part in the public life of his county.

XVI.

SIR GEORGE GUNNING.

MID NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, unlike 'the North,' possesses no Tory noblemen, but it has not a few Tory squires. It is as the leader of these that Sir George Gunning is best known. He does not owe this position to exceptional ability or wealth, but to the genuine and sincere interest he has always taken in county and political affairs. In his own personal character or history there is nothing very exceptional. Agricultural depression and an encumbered estate have indeed affected him more even than most men, but no one respects or considers him less in consequence. As the Conservative leader in 'the Mid,' Sir George has worked hard and well. The apparent increase in strength, and the obvious increase in activity, which the party now shows in that district, are due more to him than to anyone. He is always ready to attend meetings, and takes his full share in the work of organization. He has even condescended to touch the politics of Northampton town, and has rubbed shoulders with all sorts and conditions of men at the Conservative Club therein.

It does not follow that when he has arrived at a meeting he has anything of an epoch-making character to say. He would be the first to admit that he is not a great thinker or a great speaker. But he is quite free from all taint of self-seeking, and while in every way a strong party-man, he may be trusted to treat his opponents with perfect courtesy, and yet put his party's case with sense and force. Considering the toil he undergoes, and the genuineness of his political opinions,



'A CONSERVATIVE WORKING-MAN.'

he deserves far better than others of lower rank the famous title of 'a Conservative working-man.'

In less acutely controversial ways he has done good public service. He is of course a magistrate. He has been, and is, a County Alderman, and on the County Council, while he speaks but seldom, and never pushes himself, he is useful and influential. He is Chairman of the Roads and Bridges Committee. He is indeed seen at his best in performing some graceful act of politeness to a political opponent. It was he who moved the resolution asking Lord Spencer to continue as Chairman, and he is gifted with a special felicity of utterance which enables him to do such things with an air of sincerity and dignity that impresses everyone.

He is not satisfied with these openings for public service, but, like the hard-working gentleman he is, has managed to find others. He is an assiduous member of the Hardingstone Board of Guardians. Indeed, the district to the south-east of Northampton is practically governed by his son-in-law (Mr. Christopher Smyth) and himself. It is curious to notice how, in county business, these two relatives 'hunt in couples.' At the Petty Sessions Sir George presides, with the younger man at his elbow. At the Second Court of Quarter Sessions Mr. Smyth is in the chair, with Sir George by his side. They sit together at the County Council. Together they concoct projects for the triumphant return of Mr. 'Jim' Pender to Parliament, though Mr. Smyth will not have it that he is a strong party-man at all. So is it at the Hardingstone Workhouse. Mr. Smyth is Chairman, Sir George Vice, and between them they manage things on the whole very well, though they know that no human power will ever make Mr. Mott silent or Mr. Attenborough calm.

Sir George Gunning is of course a strong Churchman, but he is not content, like some of his class, to be a buttress of the Establishment; he is also a pillar of the Church. He has been the honorary secretary of the Diocesan Conference since its birth, and has discharged the duties of that office with rare industry and perseverance. In truth, he has made the best of his opportunities, and has served the public of the

county in a way which should and does command the respect of observers.

He is one of the best representatives of his class and order. It has long been noticed by inferior persons that the 'squires' as a rule are not quite so genial in manner as the peers. Whether or not this is from a tinge of terror lest too great familiarity should lead them to be mistaken for mere middle-class people, who can say? But there is nothing about Sir George Gunning which brings him within the scope of this remark. He is the same to all men, and his unfeigned pleasantness has helped his cause as well as his popularity.

Even those who most disagree with his opinions, and who are unable to sympathize with many of his sentiments on public affairs, are in their hearts glad that the Tory Party around Northampton should have so straightforward and polite a leader. Youthful Tories, please copy.

"THE BRIXWORTH BOARD."

XVII.

REV. CANON BURY.

THE clergy of Northamptonshire, to their credit be it said, do not interfere very much in public affairs. There are but four acting on the Commission of the Peace. Only one adorns the County Council. Even in the burning questions of politics they usually do not meddle with much prominence. Here and there, indeed, is exhibited to the astonished public that *lusus naturæ* a Radical parson. Oftener, alas! one hears of some who stoop to become hewers of wood and drawers of water for the Primrose League, and who in that capacity spend time and lose influence in repeating political platitudes on Tory platforms. But as a rule the clerics of our county leave public affairs alone, and, considering the difficulty and magnitude of the problems with which they specially have to deal, people of all opinions may be thankful that they do as they do.

To all this there is, however, one marked exception. Canon Bury is a public man or nothing. Not that he neglects his clerical duties. He is far too conscientious to do that, and merely as a clergyman is really prominent among his fellows. His sermons are compositions of admirable sense and lofty ethics properly tinctured with sound doctrine.

Still, everyone thinks of him in more secular connections, and although he is neither a J.P. nor a County Councillor, and though he professes for party politics all the haughty contempt which characterizes 'the superior person,' he has found other fields for

fame, and it is as an educational reformer and as a Poor Law dictator that he figures so prominently in our county.

It were long to tell in full the controversy which ever lingers about the doings of the Brixworth Board of Guardians, that renowned institution so beloved of doctrinaires and so detested of the people. Matters have, indeed, altered since Mr. Bury first set the stamp of his masculine intelligence on every department of its work. Outdoor relief reduced to a minimum—and a very minute minimum too—expenses cut down, rates lowered, and general efficiency promoted, all tell a tale of administrative power which has been no doubt a great public service. But everyone knows that beneath the surface there simmers a deep and bitter discontent among the poor at what, with grim humour, they call the doings of the Bury-al Board. Far and wide, too, this stern *régime* divides men's minds and excites men's feelings. Not Home Rule nor Disestablishment give rise to more violent disagreement, and the line of cleavage in this matter is of the oddest. Canon Bury can depend everywhere on the support of 'the ratepayers' as such, and of all the old-fashioned Poor Law reformers who follow Bentham and Mill in their ideas of social economy. But against his methods are arrayed in strange alliance the old Tories, lax in administration, but kind of heart, the toiling peasantry who feel the pinch of Brixworth ways, and the new Radicals who fear not Socialistic tendencies, and to whom the old political economy is a hissing and a reproach.

Through the smoke of this controversy the calm spectator can see two things. One is the purity of motive and real philanthropy which dictates the action of Mr. Bury and his friends. The fighting Canon does, indeed, appear to the poor as an incarnation of frowning Providence, but, like the mother in the parody, he is, in intent at least, 'cruel only to be kind.' He is a generous and humane man, anxious only to stay the awful evils of thriftlessness and waste among those who suffer so much from them; and if he pushes his theories to the bitter end, it is because he believes them to be specific to this social disease.

The other point clearly discernible is that the Brixworth system is only a success on the surface. Unless everyone is misinformed, the narrow public relief allowed by Canon Bury is largely supplemented by funds he privately distributes. If this is so, the argument is surely strong that public assistance given in the light of day and the face of criticism is surely better than the irresponsible benevolence of any clergyman, however distinguished.

Canon Bury's manners as a public man are as remarkable as his methods. For close and persistent reasoning put in the most trenchant language he is unequalled in the county, but he does not seem to conceal his low estimate of the opinion of others, and for so clever and thoughtful a man is wondrously unwilling to put his case in a way to disarm opposition. One who knows him well says this is due to nervousness, and there is more in the excuse than may seem likely.

The truth is, Canon Bury is a University 'Don,' transplanted to a country parsonage. He has all the intellectual acuteness, and the, in many ways, openness of mind of his class, but, alas! he has too much of their intolerance of the opinions, and unconsciously of the feelings, of the uneducated. He would no doubt say that he abhorred trimming and tacking, and was determined to preserve his self-respect. This is, of course, true, but to respect one's self it is not necessary to emphasize the fact that you do not respect others. This flaw is unlucky, for it greatly diminishes Mr. Bury's influence where his influence would do great good. He is the solitary reformer at Diocesan Conferences, but his courage and force are powerless against the *vis inertiæ* of his brethren.

He has grappled more than anyone in the county with the problem of secondary education, and in this sphere he has done most valuable work. When the County Educational Committee began its work, he was asked to advise, and his wide knowledge and fertile suggestions were most helpful. He is pleasantly free from prejudices not unknown among clergymen. No 'dead hand' would restrain him from dealing with charitable endowments in the most drastic way, and if he meets

any pious founder in the shades there will indeed be a battle worth witnessing. He believes in education with all his might.

Even this and the Poor Law do not quite exhaust his public work. He is an amateur agriculturist of some note, and at the Chamber of Agriculture his fluent and pungent speeches occasionally bewilder the bucolic mind.

In private he is a delightful companion, and he yet retains the vitality and vigour of body which made him the best cover-point in England thirty years ago.

Those who oppose him or those who follow him will always allow him full sincerity of purpose. He is truly anxious to do good, though he likes to do it in his own way. He is a fighter by temperament, and, like the true Englishman he is, he never knows when he is beaten. If one laments his want of suavity (in public), one must at least admire his pluck. His aggressive ways may obscure, but they cannot efface, his real kindness and genuine philanthropy. In our time of flexible opinions and flabby public men, we could even do with one or two more like him.

A LEGAL COUNCILLOR.

XVIII.

MR. WILLAN JACKSON.

TIME was when a country lawyer only touched public life on rare occasions, and in one or two capacities. When an election came he had the chance of acquiring a solid if not a quiet competence out of the post of agent, and from the ranks to which he belongs have always come those clerks and advisers to public bodies who were referred to in the sketch of Mr. Markham. Generally, however, the local man of law, like the local man of physic, stood at least half aside from ordinary public business, and dexterously accumulated bills of costs, and drafted the last wills and testaments of Whig and Tory indifferently. Democracy, however, changes all things, and many things for the better. Whether the particular changes in this respect are for the better or worse the public must decide, but it is obvious now that for a lawyer to mix in public affairs is so far from a professional mistake that it is rather, if managed with discretion, a valuable help to his professional success. Probably both the public and the lawyer are gainers.

Looking at the public men of Northamptonshire in reference to this change, the case of Mr. Willan Jackson naturally occurs to one. Five years ago he was little known outside Wellingborough save in legal circles, where his attainments have long been recognised. Now, in one sphere of public life at least—the County Council—he is widely known, and as widely regarded with interest and attention.

Of all the new members of the County Council, meaning by such all who were not magistrates before 1888, Mr. Jackson has been the

most successful, and this is a matter of general agreement among men of both parties. The way he has made himself this success well shows the stamp of man he is. There are those among his colleagues who have taken interest in more subjects than he has. There are others who have done more committee work, though Mr. Jackson's committee work has been conscientious and thorough. But he has, with wise restraint, kept himself to subjects which, as a lawyer, he could treat especially well, and on those subjects he has both spoken and worked with clearness and effect.

It has happened that not a few of Mr. Jackson's chief efforts have been made in full Council, where many people had the chance of appreciating his work, and his exposition of any point is now listened to with smiles of unconcealed delight on the faces of the agricultural members, who obviously think the speaker a 'vastly clever' fellow. Let no one imagine from this that Mr. Jackson is fond of 'showing off.' That is quite untrue. He would not be valued as he is if he did not carefully keep himself to what is necessary, and no man has less wasted the time of the Council. But he has had the wit to use his knowledge and thought in not a few points which the Local Government Act left in doubt, and has shown his usefulness also in such matters as his successful motion to place the digest of the county charities within the reach of everyone.

It was noticed with amusement by some people that it was Mr. Jackson, a relative of more than one county magistrate, who led the attack on the magisterial element of the Standing Joint Committee in 1892. The fact may possibly give to some Tory jokes the point they need, but in what Mr. Jackson said, and said with force, there was nothing to hurt the feelings or assail the dignity of the most sensitive magistrate.

Outside the County Council Mr. Jackson has done comparatively little at present. He is a Liberal, and all the better one in that he understands tactics, and knows how to keep on good terms with his opponents. He does not exert any great activity in Imperial questions,

though his help can be depended on, and on not a few of Mr. Channing's platforms he has delivered short speeches.

He is a strong Churchman, and it speaks well for him that, being a Liberal Churchman among Liberal Nonconformist colleagues and friends, his special difference should increase and not diminish his influence.

He has indeed a keen interest in Wellingborough. Since that remarkable day when 'stout' and 'uppers' defeated the Liberal Association and made him the only Liberal County Councillor, he has in the Council, besides the work alluded to, looked after Wellingborough as closely as Mr. Dulley and Mr. Watkin. They are all so generally useful that it may be forgiven them that they regard their town through a tolerably strong magnifying glass, and confuse it occasionally with the centre of the universe.

Mr. Jackson is more, too, than the ardent Councillor of his town. He is an active Major of volunteers. He is a great patron of allotments, and probably knows the value (and the want thereof) of the Allotments Act as well as anyone. To allotment-holders, as to others, he is a firm as well as a pleasant friend.

The problem of his future in public life is an interesting one. At present his prominence has been exclusively gained in matters where his professional knowledge has specially told. It may be that he does not care to do more than this, and that his private professional work exercises an inhibiting influence. But if he decided to go into public life more strongly, and take interest in everything, he should go far, and the county should be the gainer by his so doing. What he may do will be a matter of interest to his opponents, and of hope to his friends.

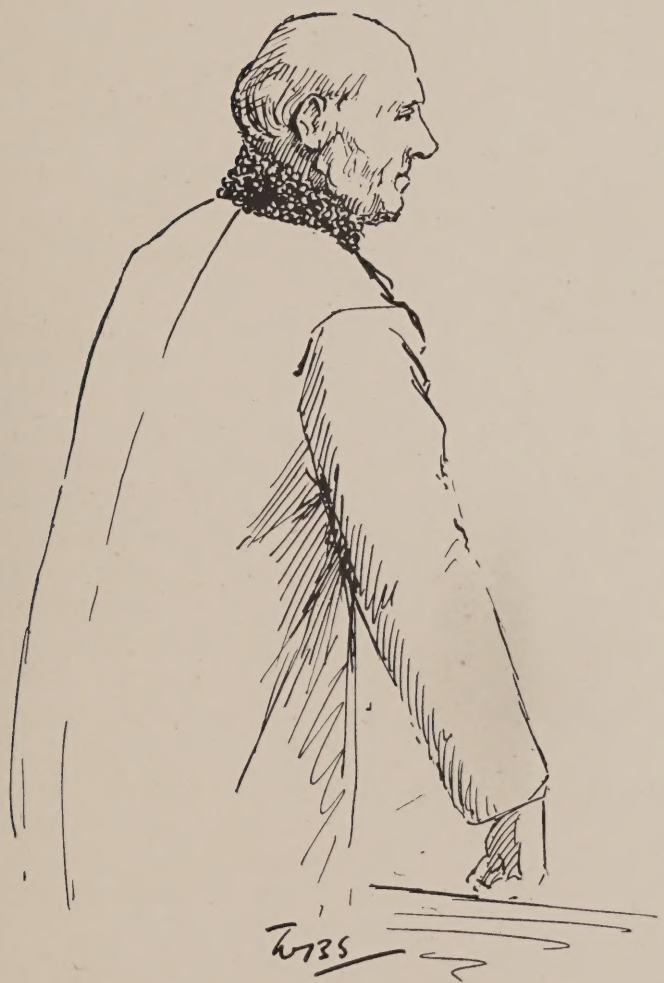
XIX.

THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

INCE the line of the Montagues ended, and the glories of Boughton began to fade under the absentee rule of the Buccleuchs, the Fitz-Roys have been the one resident ducal family in the county, and when a Northamptonshire man talks of 'the Duke,' the chances are very great that he refers to his Grace of Grafton. Rank alone would give him a prominent place in this series, but the Duke would be a noticeable person in any walk of life, and his interest in county affairs has all along been great.

In his younger days, as Lord Charles Fitzroy, he had other things to do besides interesting himself in local matters. He early entered the army, in which he now holds the rank of General, and was a partaker of the long agony of the Crimea, where he was severely wounded. Later he turned from camp to Court, and was for many years one of the equerries to the Queen. Even in those days he was not unknown to county business, and his tall figure was often seen among the grand jury at Assizes, while his magisterial duties on the Towcester Bench were never neglected when he could possibly attend to them.

In 1882 he succeeded his brother in the title, and thenceforward to the present time has been one of the most prominent of our county magnates. As a landlord alone his influence must be of the greatest. From Maidford to Stratford Bridge, and from Blisworth Station to the Buckinghamshire border, stretches the Duke's country, and within these limits one meets at almost every mile the well-built farmhouses, with their ample buildings, which are to be found on the Grafton Estate. The oversight of such a property would take not a little of any



OUR ONLY DUKE.

owner's time, but from his woodland shades at Wakefield the Duke keeps a keen eye on men and measures throughout the county generally.

The position which he holds is *sui generis*, and is partly due to his opinions and partly to his temperament. On the great question of the day he is a firm and consistent Unionist, all the more influential because of his careful restraint of language and dignity of attitude. But he has no mind to be attached to the Tory Party in general politics, and never forgets that he is the head of one of those great Whig houses whose services to the cause of freedom have adorned centuries of English history. Accordingly he has ties with both parties, and his idiosyncrasy leads him to use his position with singular effect. The Duke has something like a passion for moderation and impartiality. The rabid Radical and the virulent Tory both know by this time that they are certain of his opposition to their extravagances. In a county like ours, where much of the best strength of the best men is spent in political battle, party politics cannot be quite kept out, even of county business, but the Duke does his best, and that is a good deal, to keep party feeling within bounds. It is this which has made him so useful on the County Council. It is widely known that the general agreement which made Lord Spencer Chairman of the first Council was not a little owing to his Grace, and the note of moderation which was struck in the circumstances of that appointment has been heard often since, and from the Duke especially. It need scarcely be added that, though age has told upon his energies, he is as conscientious as anyone in discharging the duller but important functions of the punctual committeeman. Like Lord Exeter, he has done work of special value in connection with the County Asylum.

But it would be idle to deny that the Duke has his critics, and critics, too, who indulge occasionally in much directness of language. It is hinted by these gentlemen that he likes his own way, and that it is not so difficult to give him offence as it is to work with him in delicate and complicated matters. There may be some truth in this, for the Duke would be the first to allow that the maxim *Errare est humanum* applies to everyone, but on close inquiry it will usually be found that his critics are stronger in predispositions than in facts. The Duke

treats men of all ranks with a grave and stately courtesy that might serve as an example to some of his opponents, and he doubtless is not best pleased when this manner fails to be reciprocated. But he is a man of strong will and of earnest desire that what he thinks right should be done, and much of what arouses remark is due to the free play of these qualities. Some people are pleased to remember the way in which he pressed Mr. Chettle on the electors of Potterspury in 1889, and in truth his outspokenness might be a somewhat embarrassing precedent. Yet if he succeeded, as of course he did in his immediate purpose, it entailed upon the excellent man of business whom he supported the permanent sobriquet of 'the Duke's Chettle.' To those who would from this circumstance erroneously argue that his Grace does not give his dependents a free hand, it may well be pointed out that while there is no stronger politician on the Irish Question in the county than the Duke, yet at the last election nowhere was it more easy for the poor to vote the way they liked than in the villages on his estate. Not a breath of influence was felt, nor the slightest indication given that the man who held their destinies in his hand desired them to vote in accordance with his views. The same spirit of fairness and resolve to look into things for himself is illustrated in another way. It is well known that to the poorest of the tenants the Duke is ready of access, and that no complaint is too trivial, or from too humble a person, to receive his consideration. All this is not exactly attractive to agents or subordinates, and no doubt has something to do with any want of popularity which may attach to the Duke among the smaller personages in his own neighbourhood, but it is really a great virtue, and may be recommended to landlords generally.

In a word, it may be said, that the Duke moves through our county life not only as a great nobleman and a good landlord, but also as one who uses exceptional advantages in order to restrict the sphere of faction, and to promote equal justice and kindness to all. He comes into collision, no doubt, with some worthy people in the process, and he is not an adept in the art of disarming opposition, but it will be a bad day for Northamptonshire when the county no longer has the benefit of his conspicuous integrity and his fearless criticism.

"LEATHER."

XX.

MR. M. P. MANFIELD, M.P.

IT is centuries since the shoe trade first arose in Northamptonshire, and within the last hundred years it has rivalled agriculture as a sphere of local labour, so that no portrait-gallery of 'Our County' would be complete without one of the captains of this great industry. No one of these is more conspicuous than Mr. M. P. Manfield. His methods of trade are sufficiently striking. It is difficult to traverse the leading street of any great city without succumbing to the seductions which surround the display of Manfield and Son's half-guinea boot. Wide and staring rises his new factory between the elms of Abington and the lawns of Monk's Park. But it is his qualities of mind and heart which are really worthy of notice. He is quite free from the besetting sin of those who are the architects of their own fortunes. He may be trusted neither to bore his friends with vain repetitions of his achievements, nor to disguise his beginnings beneath a bogus genealogy or a fraudulent coat-of-arms. He was originally a trader and then a politician, but circumstances have developed his power in several directions. In matters of 'leather' itself, new and varied qualities have become requisite for those who would keep in the front, and of late years he has required diplomatic as well as commercial talents. For the doings of Arbitration Boards are almost of as much importance as the fluctuation of foreign markets, and Mr. Manfield has given time and toil to the settlement of trade disputes. He was chairman of the Manufacturers' Association when the great strike of

Christmas, 1887, took place, and he fought the battle of his order with more wisdom and energy than some of the extreme party on his side are inclined to allow. But his best title to remembrance lies in the fact that while he contended with the strikers he fed at his own expense their starving children.

Mr. Manfield has been an active politician all his life, and for the last thirty years has been an energetic and adroit Liberal in Northampton borough. His temper is that of an Opportunist, but there is beneath a firm belief in Liberal principles. Municipal honours have long attended him. He stands alone in being a magistrate for both county and borough. He has been the leader of his party, and his local career has suitably culminated in his succeeding Mr. Bradlaugh in the House of Commons. His energies have extended into the county, and even now, when some little way on the far side of seventy, he thinks nothing of long winter drives if he can help Mr. Spencer at village meetings. His energy is of course somewhat abated, but he is a pleasant and agreeable speaker now, and in his time was perhaps the best man on a platform among Northampton residents. He has learned not a little in his passage through life. To many young men he has been a wise and helpful adviser in business and politics. Perhaps he advises other people even better than he does himself. For there is a strong touch of impulse in his character, and gusts of sudden resolve occasionally ruffle the calm of his reflection and his judgment.

He is an open-handed man of much benevolence, and has worked hard in matters of philanthropy. In 1886 he became treasurer of the Hospital Week Fund, and his remarkable vigour in that capacity has laid the County Infirmary under a heavy debt of gratitude to him. He is distinguished also in another way. Northampton borough is not exactly a haunt of the Muses, and the number of those therein who care for 'the best that has been thought and said in the world' is not what it should be. But Mr. Manfield, though immersed in business and devoted to politics, has found time to cultivate his mind, and his collection of books, which show a varied taste and a suspicion

of the pleasant mania of the bibliophile, is almost the only one in the town which can fitly be called a library. He is a Unitarian, and has the interest in things intellectual which marks his co-religionists, but his success in culture and philanthropy is not a little due to his being the husband of Mrs. Manfield.

When all is said and done, Mr. Manfield is principally known as a politician. He enjoys everything in life, from a joke to a row, but probably his greatest pleasure is to have been returned by a four-figure majority to represent in Parliament the most Radical borough in England. He is a lover of democracy and an excuser of its faults, but he has at least one habit in common with the bluest of aristocrats. He has the gout once a week.

XXI.

MR. J. G. WILLOWS.

R. J. G. WILLOWS is so modest a man that he may see with some surprise his name in this series. But if he reflects he will soon realize that he is typical in the best sense of one important class of Northamptonshire men, the Tory farmers. It may be argued with some reason that this influential section of the community receives something less than justice from many of its opponents. Every Englishman is an aristocrat at heart, and the most untamed Radical is apt to look with some kindness on the great nobles whose ancestors have made history, and who generally adorn their Toryism with winning courtesy. But it is quite another thing for the fervent Liberal to realize the best side of those sturdy Church and State men who occupy three-fourths of the land of the shire, who detest 'the rural programme,' and whose chief contribution to constructive politics consists of chronic moaning for 'Protection.' A brief sketch of Mr. Willows may help a little to correct this state of things.

Possessed of valuable colonial experience, it is now many years since Mr. Willows settled at Rushton as a tenant-farmer, and devoted his energies to agriculture and the public business of his district. In both of these spheres he has distinguished himself. His opinion on agricultural matters carries as much weight as that of almost any practical man in the county, and he possesses the great advantage of combining industry and brains. In public business his quiet good sense has gradually made him an authority on highways and drains,

MODEST MERIT.

and all the important though not conspicuous details of rural government and economy. His mettle was best shown as Chairman of the Kettering Board of Guardians. To steer the ship of state between Scylla and Charybdis, as represented by Sir Frederick Robinson and Mr. Pollard, has been no easy task, but he has done it to general satisfaction. The wordy battle of vaccination has not distracted him from his special duty, that of getting on with the business.

But these stirring times are now over. Sir Frederick, heartiest and best-liked of partisans, has all too soon succumbed to illness and passed 'To where beyond these voices there is peace.' Mr. Willows himself, though hale and sturdy still, has retired from this hard work, now that magisterial duties have come upon him. His appointment to that office has given pleasure to many, and is an event worthy of strong commendation. It is a proof that the honours of such a position are not beyond the hope of Conservative tenant-farmers, and has given the assistance of a level-headed and courageous man in the increasing business of the Kettering Petty Sessions Division. Mr. Willows is also a member of the County Council. He has sat for the Pytchley Division since 1889, and, as everyone admits, may keep it as long as he chooses. As a Councillor he has taken as much pains to avoid notice as some other men have to attract attention. But when he has felt compelled to make a remark or give an opinion, most people would agree that it was worth the trouble required to extract it.

Yet Mr. Willows exhibits the limitations of his class. He admits that a duty on corn is impracticable, but his long experience of agriculture at home and abroad has scarcely cured him of the 'Fair Trade' heresy, and he joins himself occasionally to those whose policy means ultimately the raising of his landlord's rent. He is a firm and vigorous Tory, though inoffensive withal; and he is a pious son of the Church of England. The genial hospitality, the real good humour, the easy tolerance of delays, which mark the British farmer mark Mr. Willows also, but no one who is brought much in contact with him can fail to realize his real though unobtrusive ability. He has in his time been an active officer of volunteers, and it is currently

reported in Kettering that the only time when the local company was present to a man was at a drill followed by a revel at Mr. Willows' Rushton home.

As the most influential Conservative in the neighbourhood of Kettering, as a capable administrator, as a man of particularly good judgment, Mr. Willows is worthier of sympathetic portrayal than many noisier people. He is one of the very best of the Tory farmers, and may well stand for that class which, intolerant of ideas and steeped in prejudice as it is, is yet one of the most honest, generous, and patriotic bodies of men in our country.

"TORY UP."

XXII.

MR. T. R. B. L. M. CARTWRIGHT.

MR. THOMAS ROBERT BROOK LESLIE MELVILLE CARTWRIGHT is obviously a person of importance. He is the best known of the Cartwrights in county matters, and the Cartwrights have been a family of consideration in Northamptonshire since one Richard Cartwright of the Inner Temple purchased the manor of Aynho in the days of the British Solomon. Since then the family has flourished in various ways, notably in the way of matrimony, and now in the southern corner of the county, from Byfield to Aynho, and from Brackley to Banbury, they are the dominant squires. This is perhaps partly owing to their constant occupation in politics and the affairs of the shire, and their taste for public life marks them off sharply from many other county gentlemen in their neighbourhood. In one or two cases they have been almost eminent, and Mr. W. R. Cartwright, the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was both a useful member of Parliament and an excellent Chairman of Quarter Sessions.

Mr. 'Tom' Cartwright, as everyone styles him, has accordingly been accustomed from his earliest days to county life in many of its phases. He does not in public show any signs of the erudition and culture which his elder brother, Mr. Cornwallis Cartwright (once M.P. for Oxfordshire), is known to possess, but he has for many years been a capable and industrious squire. Like most of his family, he has been always a bulwark of the Constitution, and his favourite war-cry is the exhilarating one of 'Tory up.'

He was for years Chairman of the South Northamptonshire Conservative Association, and worked as hard for Sir Rainald Knightley in 1885 and 1886 as if he had been the candidate himself. He has been a pillar of the Primrose League since that organization arrived in Northamptonshire, and its union of lofty religious sentiment with unswerving Toryism in practice suits his vein perfectly.

His political activity culminated in his appearance as Conservative candidate for the South on the retirement of Sir Rainald, and, as everyone knows, he was just beaten on a heavy poll by Mr. D. C. Guthrie. Various explanations have been given of the result according to the view of those giving them, and this is not the place for discussing the question. It may, however, be remarked that high and dry Toryism and brand new Tory democracy do not unite easily in one personality, and there is a world of truth in the parable which foretells sad results when new cloth is sewn upon old garments.

But Mr. Cartwright was far from being a bad candidate. It was the fashion to say he could not speak, but he warmed to his work as the fight went on, and one of his utterances at Towcester was an admirable exposition of his views and principles.

There is nothing so fatal as failure, and many persons have been amused to see that Mr. Cartwright is not to stand again, and that the Southern Tories are to trust instead to the genial inexperience of Mr. Douglas Pennant. Yet, however he may be treated by his friends, it is the duty of Mr. Cartwright's opponents to frankly bear testimony to his personal rectitude and sincerity, and to the fact that he fought his political battles like a gentleman.

In county business Mr. Cartwright shows the same painstaking temperament that he exhibits in politics. He has been on the County Council from the beginning, and although his home at Newbottle is remote from Northampton town, he appears at committees with commendable regularity. In his own district he is very active. His magistracy is taken seriously, and he is keenly concerned in all local movements so long as they do not clash with strict Tory principles.

It is much to his credit that he has shown a strong desire to satisfy the wishes of his district for allotments.

Mr. Cartwright is, it will be seen, a useful and energetic man, and it is unfortunate for him that he does not excel in those magnetic qualities which give men more popularity than they deserve. He is without fascination of manner, and he does not take special trouble to avoid appearing cold and distant to his opponents and his inferiors. But all the more should his solid qualities be insisted on. His views and his methods are possibly out of date, and he is not altogether in touch with the days of democracy, but he is an upright and honourable county gentleman, who is anxious to act up to his responsibilities.

XXIII.

MR. C. C. BECKE.

THE fight of Whig and Tory is a prominent and an important aspect of county life, and those who organize and direct party action of necessity fill a large place in the public eye. It is as one of these organizers that Mr. C. C. Becke is most widely known. He has other claims to notice, but his eminence as an engineer of Liberalism in Mid and South Northamptonshire is that which chiefly calls attention to him. His record as a political agent is remarkable. He has conducted nine elections in the county, seven of them contested, and of the nine he has won seven and lost but two. Few electioneers, however long their experience, can excel this, and Mr. Becke has done it all in seventeen years.

Circumstances have helped him, and to fight for the Spencers, as he has done, has been to have a winning cause, but the result is mainly due to his own ability. He has avoided with admirable tact the many political methods which dazzle without really helping, and has known how to combine sections of supporters without often exasperating or giving a handle to opponents. He knows, no one better, that victory at the polls comes not to the brilliant or original person, but to him who makes fewest mistakes, and he properly despises the windy politicians who prefer shouting to organization, and who would sacrifice the prospect of votes for the sake of ephemeral epigrams.

He has profited by his legal taste and training. The Beckes have been lawyers for generations, and hereditary instinct is of no small value as a guide in the wilderness of English common law. He has been for some years the leader among the solicitor advocates of

ELECTIONEERING.

Northamptonshire, and he is resorted to pretty generally when anyone of substance or position discovers that his sins are beginning to find him out. Mr. Becke has gained his legal position by qualities similar to those which have given him political power. He relies not on rhetoric, or even ingenuity, so much as on an extensive knowledge of human nature generally, and that of magistrates in particular. Indeed, were he to publish an essay on the modern J.P., county and borough, his thoughts and his tendencies, it would be pretty reading for the general public, and invaluable to the youthful solicitor.

In Northampton and the surrounding district no one has greater influence. His large practice and his political ties bring him into contact with many persons in many ways, and his strong personality is to be recognised in all departments of his work. He is not precisely the man to play second fiddle in the social orchestra, but he possesses to the full the rare virtue of loyalty to assistants and colleagues, and is willing to go far out of his way to do a good turn to anyone who has done him the smallest service.

There is a story current in Northampton which, false or true, shows the local opinion of his readiness of resource. He holds, among other offices, that of Borough Coroner. The legend runs that a local journal of the highest reputation saw fit to comment with severity on the constant recurrence of the same persons on the Coroner's jury—men, it was hinted, to whom the official shilling was a consideration. Mr. Becke deigned no reply to the strictures, but waited till an inquest could be fixed for a Friday afternoon, when he summoned his critic's staff, from the editor to the junior devil, to act as jury. A remonstrance was at once received that such a course would stop the appearance of the journal, which was in the pangs of parturition on Friday afternoons. The Coroner blandly answered that he had been convinced of the error of his ways by the criticism in question, and thought he could not do better than obey its monitions by beginning with its author. Needless to add, the summonses were withdrawn, and the Coroner goes his way free of comment and of censure.

Mr. Becke naturally has his foibles, and the most conspicuous is a

lavish and unregulated generosity, which never allows him to say no, whatever be the object of the appeal. Some people may think this a virtue, but a little thought will show them that it is, on the contrary, worthy of reprobation. Wherefore if these lines meet the eye of any tramp or other undeserving person, they are hereby invited to worry Mr. Becke at the first opportunity.

To the reflective mind Mr. Becke is interesting as showing an odd blending of apparently inconsistent temperaments. Besides being a keen and able lawyer and a master of local politics, he is a genial and sociable man, interested in all forms of sport and recreation. But the two sides of his personality show very different characteristics. As a sportsman, whether indulging in the destruction of the infrequent partridge, or leading from three trumps at whist, or taking a temporary interest in the fortunes of a racehorse, Mr. Becke is nothing if not venturesome, daring, and light-hearted. But let him pass from these delights to the art of politics or the science of law, and he is the most wary of our public men. Both temperaments cannot be congenital, and if, as is probable, he be naturally disposed to enterprise and not deterred by risk, it says much for his power of self-training that he should be, as he is, looked up to as a man of special astuteness and calm judgment.

It is his equability of temper which has enabled him to do his best work. His services to the Liberal Party in the county would be difficult to over-estimate, and they have been what they are, not because of colourless opinions, for he is a stronger Radical than some people think, but because of moderation of method. He has always opposed that vulgarity of sentiment which would extend political animosities into social life, and he has preserved the amenities of party controversy with assiduous care. Even the Tories who have suffered by his generalship will admit, if they reflect, that it would have been worse for them if the Liberals had been led by some fire-brand aflame with class-hatred and social jealousy. As it is, Mr. Becke has done service to the cause of progress and for the preservation of social courtesies. He is a wise man, and being such, no doubt agrees with the sage who defined the art of life to consist in voting with the Liberals and dining with the Tories.

"QUARTER SESSIONS."

XXIV.

MR. H. M. STOCKDALE.

N the good old days, when agricultural labourers had neither grievances nor votes, and when the serenity of the landed interest was undisturbed by commercial or intellectual forces, a wholesome custom prevailed. It was usual for the eldest son of at any rate the smaller squires to receive what was pleasantly called a 'legal education.' He 'ate his dinners.' He was called to the Bar. He received Sessions prosecutions from his own district, and perhaps attained to the trouble of an occasional defence. Consequently when in process of time he passed to the County Bench he was at least able to appreciate the *dicta* of the Clerk of the Peace, and at most to become an impartial and courteous judge. Mr. H. M. Stockdale is a favourable example of this method. Over the earlier stages of his career it is unneedful to linger, but in 1873 he was elected permanent Deputy Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and succeeded Lord Spencer as Chairman in 1880. He retained this high position as regards its administrative work till the County Council was created in 1889, and he only resigned his judicial duties last year. He was for three years Chairman of the Standing Joint Committee.

From this it is evident that Mr. Stockdale has had as much to do as anyone living with the machinery of county business. Fair-minded men agree in praising the economy and efficiency of the administrative work of Quarter Sessions, and a large part of this credit is due to the last chairman, who was a watchful guardian of the county's purse.

He has all along been a careful and conscientious worker, and has never overlooked any detail, however small. He is constitutionally averse to hurry, and some of his colleagues of more mercurial temperament have been inclined to call him slow. This little failing has given rise to not a few remarks, and to one story which is worth repeating. In the County Committee-room at Northampton hang the counterfeit presentments of many former Chairmen of Quarter Sessions. In pride of place over the mantelshelf is that of Mr. Stockdale, who was Chairman when the committee-room was opened. Beneath his portrait is the lofty motto, '*Hac primus in Aulâ.*' Shortly after it was placed there a certain magistrate entered who cultivates acerbity of language as a fine art. He read the legend and remarked: 'This must be a misprint. It should surely be "*Hac tardissimus in Aulâ.*"'

In spite of critics and jesters, however, Mr. Stockdale's reputation as a valuable public administrator is not lightly to be overthrown. Nothing is worth so much as care and exhaustive labour, and he gave them without stint to the service of the county. As he was in the committee-room, so he was when presiding in a Court of Justice. He was not a masterful chairman, and did not always succeed in repressing the exuberant vigour of the Bar. But his unfailing courtesy and his obvious fairness were generally appreciated, and few of those tried before him failed to receive their deserts. He did not perhaps always see eye to eye with the sporting shoemaker on questions connected with 'the pursuit of conies,' but he was not implacable, and if, as some people expect, Messrs. Sackville and Smyth take to Draconian sentences, it is not unlikely that in the retrospect Mr. Stockdale may even become a *persona grata* to the criminal classes of Northamptonshire.

In general politics the subject of this sketch has always been, if not a stern, yet an unbending Tory. He has striven all his life to bind the giant Democracy. When in 1880 Mr. Spencer carried North Northamptonshire, not a little through the efforts of Wellingborough Liberals, including (then) Mr. Dulley, Mr. Stockdale applied the principle of 'not dealing with unbelievers' so strongly as to deprive

himself of the tonic refreshment of Dulley's celebrated ales and stout. Even now, when, to the regret of all, ill-health has withdrawn him from much public work, he still does his utmost against Mr. Gladstone. In the Quixotic attempt on Mr. Channing's seat, if Mr. Charles Watkin provides the bustle, it is Mr. Stockdale who supplies the dignity.

Of late years, and especially on the County Council, he has been thrown into contact with many new men, and not a few new measures. It requires all his habitual politeness to enable him to tolerate the new era. With much that is now prominent he has nothing in common, nor does he want to have. For this reason, perhaps, his opponents give him but a grudging recognition of his long services to Northamptonshire. This is in every way a pity. The impartial outsider finds it easy to admire the Radicals of Wellingborough, and yet to respect and honour Mr. Stockdale's single-minded attention to the welfare of his county. There are those among us who awaken warmer feelings, and who in some ways are more attractive to the spectator, but there is no one in Northamptonshire who for the public good or in the discharge of public duty has been more unsparing of himself.

XXV.

LORD HENLEY.

ANTHONY BARON HENLEY in the peerage of Ireland, and Baron Northington in that of the United Kingdom, is one of the most intellectual men of our county. Northamptonshire, which is rich in men of practical talents and by no means poor—at least as regards the higher social strata—in men of taste and accomplishments, has but few among its public men who are concerned primarily and permanently with the higher intellectual interests of our time.

Among those who are so concerned, Lord Henley has for many years been conspicuous. He has done much, as will appear, in practical life, but no one who meets him can fail to recognise that he is first of all a scholar and a thinker. Spite, however, of a retiring and almost shy disposition, he early took to politics, and his record as a public man is long and honourable. In 1847 and 1856 he contested South Northamptonshire in the Liberal interest, though unsuccessfully, and he sat as Liberal member for Northampton Borough from 1859 to 1874. He was in many ways an admirable M.P., intelligent far beyond the average, and attentive to his duties. Nor was he anything but a firm and resolute Liberal on most questions. But he was not a proficient in popular arts, nor altogether in touch either with the Nonconformist or the ultra-Radical section of the Borough Liberals. It needed no prophet to foretell that the connection between the thoughtful and cautious nobleman and the breezy and rather turbulent democracy of Northampton could not last for ever. Accordingly, for good or evil, his supporters left him, to seek the fiercer delights of being represented by Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Labouchere.

A SCHOLAR PEER.

All this time Lord Henley was a Liberal of sincerity and constancy in other spheres than that of the House of Commons. At Quarter Sessions he was one of the Liberal minority who leavened the bulk of Tory squires, and was true to his political principles in county as well as in national concerns. What he was then he has in the main continued to be. He has not entirely succumbed to the atmosphere of the House of Lords, where Mr. Gladstone's bestowal of an English peerage placed him in 1885. True, he has refused to follow his leader and his party towards Home Rule, and on the Irish question is as vehement a Unionist as anyone. True is it also that the maxim about evil communications may (looking from the Liberal standpoint) be quoted half in earnest against him, since he has been heard once or twice to murmur, with diffidence no doubt, the unfamiliar accents of reaction. But on the whole Lord Henley is a genuine Liberal still. He is sincere in looking forward to the re-union of the party when Ireland is disposed of, and whatever lapses he may occasionally make into Tory methods or remarks, there is really little, in bent of mind or stamp of conviction, that he has in common with the Conservatives, eminent or otherwise, of our county.

In local affairs he has done good work. His hesitating speech does not do justice to what he has to say, and few save those who work with him on committees realize his appreciation of difficult and complicated matters. He is specially apt in financial questions, and can see to the heart of a tangled mass of figures with unusual rapidity. Some extravagant people say that he is the only man besides Lord Spencer and the Chairman who is really master of our annual county budget.

Unlike many people, Lord Henley is just as painstaking in small as in large matters. He looks after the affairs of his little village of Watford as carefully as he does his duty on the County Council or in the House of Lords. To a man of his culture and reason nothing which is worth doing at all is unimportant, and he has none of that weakness of head which depends on applause or show as a stimulant to work.

Public work and private erudition largely comprise Lord Henley's interests. From the windows of his cosy library at Watford he looks over some of the finest pastures in Northamptonshire, but he has never been a specialist in agriculture. His home and estate are well inside the limits of the Pytchley country, but there are now others more prominent than he in the hunting-field. Yet he has his tastes in sports and recreation, and if any gilded youth fancy himself unduly at billiards he will find the playing of a few hundreds up with Lord Henley to be a wholesome and salutary discipline.

It has been already said that Lord Henley is not an adept in popular arts. But though he cannot fascinate crowds he can attract individuals. Some casual observers attribute to him great possibilities of hauteur, and no doubt he can defend himself with dignity against intrusive and disagreeable people. But in ordinary intercourse there is no more modest or pleasant gentleman, and once engaged in a discussion that has some intellectual interest, he forgets with equal readiness his own rank and his companion's want of it.

Lord Henley is, indeed, an abler and more interesting personage than the outside public are aware. He is, and always has been, deficient in that coarseness of fibre which is needful to all save the greatest men, if they are to be popular idols or even successful politicians. But this deficiency is due to the presence of higher qualities. Lord Henley has read too much, and thought too deeply, to be satisfied with the convenient half-truths, and the plausible methods which are the average politician's necessities. He is what a horse-dealer would call disgustingly honest, and once convinced that a thing is true cares not two straws whether it be popular. For these reasons, and from his studious and reclusive temperament, he has missed some proper objects of ambition, and he has had to pay the penalty which attaches to all who hold aloof from the general rush of life. But if his career has consequently not seemed of great brilliance to the vulgar eye, *Dîs aliter visum*. The presence in our midst of an independent thinker spending his time and energies freely for the public interest, and by his example keeping up the standard of education and culture, is a benefit for which the county should be grateful.

"THE MIDDLE-CLASS PURITAN."

XXVI.

MR. JOSEPH WESTLEY.

EVERYONE is familiar with the typical youth who leaves his country home to find his fortune in a large town, and still more common are the melancholy cases of those who stay in the villages and find their importance lessen with the gradual decay of the agricultural interest. What is truly rare is to hear of anyone who, from small beginnings, has risen to influence under the conditions of rural life, and when such an one is typical also of an important section of the community in his opinions and temperament, he naturally claims notice. All this is Mr. Joseph Westley, and more. He was born at Blisworth, the son of a village tradesman, and has lived there all his life, steadily increasing in prosperity, till he is now not only at the head of his particular industry in Northamptonshire, but has passed the Presidential chair of the Millers' Association of the country. And, although he has extended his operations far and wide, he has not left his birthplace to fall on evil times while he has prospered in the neighbouring town, but has developed the resources, and helped the fortunes of Blisworth with his own.

The section of which he is so typical is that of the old-fashioned Nonconformists—the middle-class Puritan. The Puritan sense of conduct and instinct for practical affairs mark Mr. Westley at every turn. Opportunity has indeed been denied him of much self-culture, and his tastes are not such as to lead him to make opportunities in this direction. But for industrious and acute dealing with business condi-

tions, and for a healthy and constant interest in certain sides of politics and religion, he has long been noteworthy.

Few paradoxes are more striking than the union in the English Puritan of other-worldliness sometimes approaching fanaticism with the most unswerving attention to 'the main chance.' Mr. Westley exhibits both aspects, no doubt, but either extreme is softened in his case by sincerity and a sense of justice. To the old Puritan restrictions he is much attached. It is said that he has never written a business letter or discussed a secular subject on Sunday, and when on Saturday night he turns off the electric light in his parlour he is understood to switch off with equal rapidity and completeness the whole mundane side of things from his mind, not to be considered again till Monday morning. The time he thus acquires for religious purposes he has used well. He is the most influential layman among the Baptists of Northamptonshire, and has done a good deal to support not a few struggling village churches—causes disliked no doubt by the powers that be, but of great value in preserving religious independence under difficulties. He is on the Council of the Liberation Society, a fact which indicates his views better than much description.

He is as energetic in politics as in religion. For more than half a century he has worked in the Liberal ranks with untiring energy, and is rumoured to have danced with delight at the triumph of Mr. Guthrie in 1892. As Chairman of the Southern Liberals he was in his right place, and, although no speaker, is wiser than many men in matters of counsel.

He has been on the County Council since 1889, and has done useful and unobtrusive work in committee. He understands rural matters, and whether in affairs of local administration or in projects of village reform in the Parliamentary sphere, his adhesion is worth having.

He is accordingly in every way a man of weight and substance. He is a model of conscientiousness, and can always be depended on. He knows, no doubt, that he is influential, and values his own opinion, but for all that he is in the main a modest man, and with simple grati-

tude attributes all that is of value in his character and of success in his fortunes to the care and teachings of his mother. He never professes to be what he is not, and the respect shown him by opponents and by men of varied positions is no more than his deserts. His recent appointment to the County Bench is a compliment, not to himself alone, but to the class and type which he represents.

Although no longer in his first youth, he shows few signs of restrained activity. He early took to heart the patriarchal injunction to increase and multiply, with the result that his old age is surrounded by sturdy sons who push his business and follow his leadership. It may be said of him as of the old-fashioned Tories, that his way of looking at things and habit of opinion are not likely to be reproduced exactly in the younger generation. But that only makes him more interesting to thoughtful people. No one who knows Mr. Westley can deny that Puritanism has produced in him a man qualified to do his district and surroundings good service, and in olden times it was such as he who did much to secure the civil and religious liberty we now enjoy. Even by those who do not think, and who are contented with surface views of men, Mr. Westley should scarcely be overlooked, for he has the most ancient beard and the broadest smile of all the County Council.

XXVII.

DR. GREENE.

WHO does not know the tower of Berry Wood Asylum, glaringly dominant as it is for many miles in every direction, and who is not aware of the importance, financial and otherwise, of this institution to the well-being of the county? Among those who are in the technical sense 'public servants,' only the Clerk of the Peace can vie in importance of position and value of service with the Superintendent of Berry Wood.

The present holder of this post is for his own qualities worthy of description, as well as for his position. Behind the gold-rimmed spectacles and easy smile of Dr. Greene there lies a gifted and versatile mind. With the specially medical duties of his office he is of course thoroughly conversant. The proportion of cures at Berry Wood compares favourably with that of other asylums, and his writings as well as his other work have kept him in a good place among specialists in mental disease. But his exceptional powers are better shown in the administrative, and in a sense material, side of his labours. Since his arrival at Berry Wood fifteen years ago, there has been much enlargement and many alterations, and in these matters Dr. Greene has shown remarkable powers. No architect has been required under his *régime*, and no architect's fees have been laid upon the county. Indeed, he is almost more than an amateur in this department. He is suspected of having designed several asylums, and he has built himself a house

"THE BERRY WOOD PHILOSOPHER."

on a Norfolk Broad, which local members of the profession declare to evince every kind of originality, even in its occasional mistakes.

Of still more value, though less showy, has been his general administration. The rate of maintenance at Berry Wood is among the six lowest in English public asylums, and all the alterations and repairs have not only been effected without coming upon the county rate, but the poor law contributions, and the profits from the out-county and private patients, have, besides paying the asylum's way, given a handsome surplus to the general funds of the county. In this matter Northamptonshire is in sharp contrast to other counties, and as it is notorious that the main credit is due to the Superintendent, he may be recommended to the affectionate regard of the ratepayers.

People who do their own work well are generally found to be interesting on further acquaintance, and Dr. Greene is no exception. He combines in an unusual way the strenuousness of a self-made man with the quick and genuine interest in many subjects that is as a rule only found in persons of hereditary education. The truth is he is both. He has had to fight his way up with little assistance from circumstance; but he is one of an old Anglo-Irish family, and has grounds for tracing his descent from those mediæval Greenes who were all-powerful in this county in the days of Edward III. Whether from this far-off connection with our locality or for other reasons, he has had the good sense not to isolate himself, but to throw himself into the life of the town and district as far as possible. The various abortive attempts (such as University Extension Lectures) which have been made of late years to extend civilization in Northampton town have had his earnest support, and he is always on the look-out to improve his own and other people's education. He has been a 'wheelman' of note, and has written on 'Northampton as a cycling centre.' He is an enthusiastic volunteer, burning with military ardour derived from a distinguished grandfather. Spite of his surroundings, there is not a trace of lunacy in his conversation. Stranger still to those who believe the current libel on doctors which accuses them of no interest outside their work, he can talk well and pleasantly on almost everything. There is said

to be in Northampton and district a private club wherein professional men meet monthly at each other's homes to exchange ideas and hospitality. Unless Rumour lies beyond her wont, Dr. Greene has been the life of this society, and, if any essayist should fail or a discussion flag, he can be reckoned on to 'keep the ball rolling' with effect.

No doubt a critical person could turn the edge of much of this panegyric. A man like Dr. Greene, interested in many things, and arriving at his conclusions mainly by self-instruction, is sure to have his weak points and his crotchets. He is a devotee of that coldest and most cheerless of creeds—vegetarianism. But he is, happily, not a consistent walker. The wayfarer who may chance upon his lavish hospitality can reckon on many delights besides the mess of pottage to which his host's principles should confine him. Sometimes when Dr. Greene is attributing the woes of history to the Celtic race, one remembers that he is an Englishman of 'the Pale,' with the opinions incident thereto. Suave as he is, he has had his differences with some people, and hypercriticism would profess to detect in him a strain of masterfulness, which is indeed inseparable from any who have worked up to a difficult position and mean to sit there firmly. But when all is said and done he has few faults to be enlarged upon. He is no doubt *au fond* a scientific man with the limitations of thought and sympathy which are incurable in the scientist of to-day. But if he had more leisure he would be a literary man too, and long and weary would be the search to find in our county lawyer, parson, or doctor who is his equal in general culture. Moreover, he does his work first and well before he attends to other things. No theories and no habitual acquaintance with the saddest things in life can crush the kindness out of him, and, with a good heart and a clear head, men may expect further work in many fields from the Berry Wood Philosopher.

"QUIETA NON MOVERE."

XXVIII.

MR. G. L. WATSON.

TO anyone with a feeling for history, the Castle of Rockingham is the most interesting spot in Northamptonshire. It has not, indeed, attaching to it the wealth of associations with literature and art of some other of our great houses, but alone of them it has been the home of kings and the seat of councils in the days when, under Norman and Angevin, it was, as has been well said, 'the Windsor Castle of the Midlands.' Northampton was indeed of equal importance, but the fortress of St. Liz is only a memory, while Rockingham still shows the walls and gate-tower of Edwardian times. Beautiful of situation is it also, beyond all its county rivals, planted on the jutting promontory, where the rolling upland of the ancient forest breaks to the Welland Valley, and whence one can count the twenty villages dotted amid the rich meadows, or half hidden in the folds of the Leicestershire hills.

It only wants two years of eight centuries since Rufus and Anselm held their memorable conference at Rockingham, but in all that time the castle and park have had but two owners—the Crown and the Watsons. The representative of the latter is to-day an indispensable figure in a gallery of notable Northamptonshire men.

Mr. G. L. Watson is an excellent specimen of the ordinary country gentleman. Ordinary, that is to say, in the sense that he is not specially given to leadership in public affairs, but by no means ordinary in the sense of mediocre. For he is a man of much cultivation, like his father, who numbered Charles Dickens among his friends, and is of not a little

importance in various ways. He has been a keen and ardent sportsman, and was master of the Woodland Pytchley in 1878-80. He has, as becomes the castellan of Rockingham, a strong and constant attraction to matters of antiquity and archæology. A book published two years ago, on 'Rockingham Castle and the Watsons,' was enriched by a contribution from his pen, in description of his delightful home. He is glad when interest is taken in the historic teachings or illustrations which Rockingham affords, and allows the public to visit it on the easiest terms. There is more of self-denial in this than the tourists who reap the benefit will allow. For some unexplained reason a section of the public alway treats famous houses and gardens thrown open to their inspection with undue familiarity. Why it should be needful in going over a 'show' place to flatten one's nose against the window of the drawing-room in order to see if 'the family' are at home, it is difficult to understand, but such things do occur even, alas! in Northamptonshire. Mr. Watson is, however, long-suffering as well as generous, and he who will may see the terrace-walk, and the donjon-mound, the drum-towers and the garden, and learn how art and nature combined to make Rockingham one of the strongest of the Midland castles.

Mr. Watson is much interested in politics. For generations his family have been Whigs of the aristocratic type, believing strongly in that government of the country by the few great families which Disraeli denounced so picturesquely as 'the Venetian oligarchy.' One branch of his house flowered into the second Marquis of Rockingham, perhaps the purest figure in English eighteenth-century politics, and twice Prime Minister of England, on whom the wicked Tory wit composed the epigram :

> 'The truth to declare—if one may without shocking 'em—
> The nation's asleep, and the minister Rockingham.'

But though always Whigs, the Watsons were even more prominently Churchmen. The founder of their house in the early sixteenth century was Surveyor-General to three Bishops of Lincoln, and in all fortunes they have been zealous sons of the Church of England. It

was scarcely surprising, therefore, that they broke with the Liberals over the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, and Mr. Watson has developed from an ancient Whig into a modern Tory. He is concerned with Kettering as the owner of its advowson, and there presides over the District Conservative Association. He is a Ruling Councillor of the Primrose League, and is something more than the figure-head of Toryism in his own neighbourhood. In county matters he is interested without being absorbed.

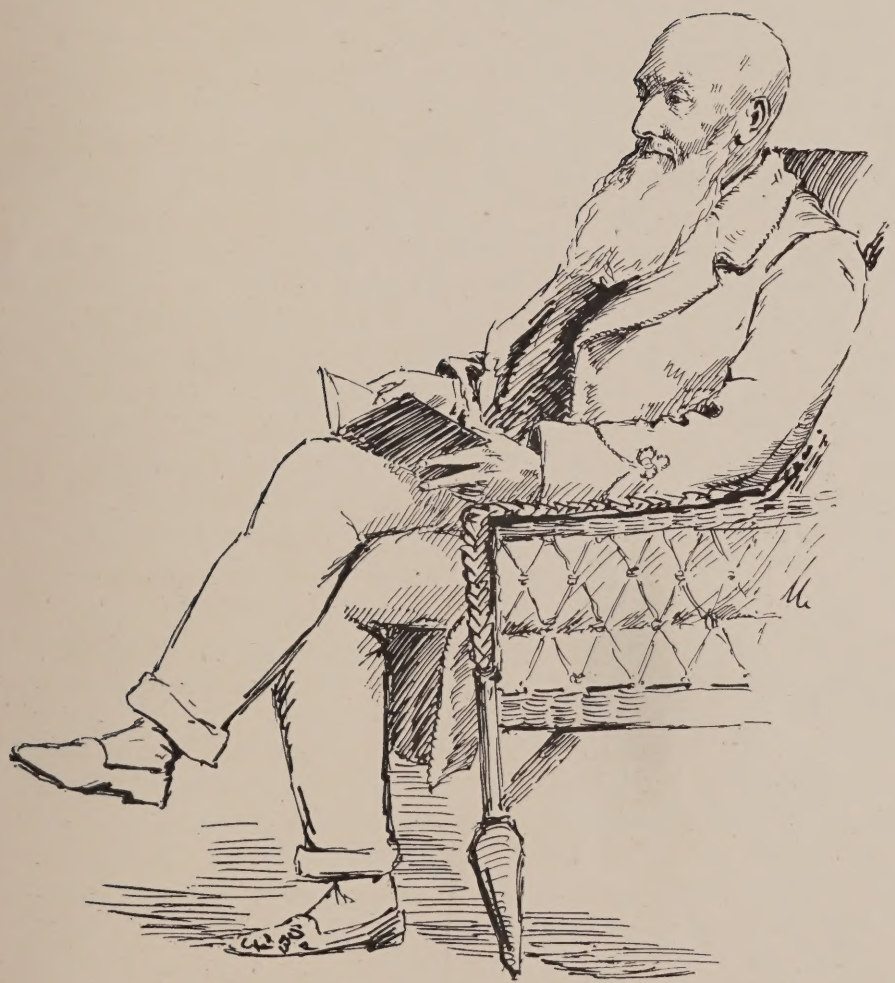
His party very properly elected him an Alderman of the County Council, but he attends not often, and has only spoken once, when he offered remarks on the British and foreign methods of muzzling dogs. He is regular in his appearance at Assizes, and takes it in turn with Sir George Gunning to be foreman of the Grand Jury. Among his friends and acquaintances he has always been popular, and one strong opponent in politics truly said of him, 'George Watson could not do an ill-natured thing.' He is not free from the bias of his class. For that matter, who is? He was not exactly pleased at Lord Spencer's policy of introducing other than landed gentry to the County Bench. But he deserves the good esteem in which he is held. It is not anger, but regret, that his opponents feel that he should find the progress of political events too fast for him. His ancestors excited themselves much in stirring times, but his influence is thrown into the other scale, and he seems inclined to rest upon the maxim *Quieta non movere*.

XXIX.

REV. J. T. BROWN.

INCE the days of Wycliffe, Northamptonshire has been a stronghold of that school of religious thought which elevates private judgment and depresses authority. The Lollards, the Early Puritans, and the Nonconformists generally have been numerous and powerful in successive periods, and Northampton town was spoken of at one time by the rather infelicitous title of 'the Mecca of Dissent.' The last half-century has witnessed a decline of this influence. Some currents of thought and all streams of fashion have set strongly against democratic Christianity, and to-day there is nothing special either in power or quality about the Free Churches in Northamptonshire. But they are still an important factor in county life, and are far indeed from being *une quantité negligeable* in any survey of social and religious forces. One at least of their ministers deserves description, if only to somewhat balance the Bishop and Canon Bury, and if one is to be chosen, it must obviously be he who is conveniently known as Mr. Brown of College Street. For one thing, he is a Baptist, and the Baptists show the special virtues and defects of Nonconformity more plainly than other denominations. They have even in this slack-sinewed age all the toughness of fibre which has been invaluable in the past, and they have, too, that want of flexibility, and possibly roughness of surface, which often accompany toughness of fibre.

For another thing, he is the oldest of the Nonconformist clergy in the county. It is fifty years next autumn since he became pastor of



"THE BAPTIST BISHOP."

the principal Baptist community in our midst, and in times like the present, when all sorts of religious teachers are usually birds of passage, his long connection with one place has given him an exceptional position.

His chief public prominence is as the undisputed leader of his denomination in Northampton. Dr. Creighton will be fortunate if he can gain the same influence over his clergy which Mr. Brown constantly exercises over the forty-five Baptist churches which are scattered up and down the shire. No doubt the paucity of first-rate men makes Mr. Brown's guidance the more needful in crises, but he has mainly ruled as the Baptist Bishop because of his power of sympathetic helpfulness, combined with the fact that, although a parson, he is actually a good man of business. In this capacity he has done sterling work. He has strengthened and wisely guided his own people, and yet kept them to a courteous and inoffensive policy as regards the Established Church. All things considered, Church and Dissent get on fairly well together in our county, and not a few of our blessings in this respect are due to the example and influence of Mr. Brown. He deserves to have this recognised not by his friends alone, but by many a lover of peace and quietness in country parsonages.

Mr. Brown has long been among the leaders of his 'body' in the country, and in 1883 was Chairman of the Baptist Union. As to his power as a preacher and pastor, opinions have been various. Half a century ago an old farmer was taken to hear him by one of his admiring flock, and asked what he thought of the sermon. 'Adjectives,' he said, 'only adjectives! I wish they'd never been invented.' Irreverent youth in our time accuses him of diffuseness. But he has attracted many people for many years, and those who like his style like it extremely. He is no doubt not so modern as younger men, and is given by temperament to delicate musings wherein adjectives come in usefully, but there is always beauty of thought in his work, and not seldom strength as well.

Neither in the pulpit nor on platforms does he do himself justice. He has in private at once a power of argument and a depth of

reflection that are not fully seen in his public capacity. Yet his success and his influence are doubtless due to the presence of these hidden qualities. He realizes that Nonconformity to live and grow must not only suit the predispositions of the middle classes, but must have answers pertinent and profound to the awkward questions which thoughtful people ask so often in these days as to the varied aspects and bases of religion.

With this thoroughness of thought he unites refinement of temper and taste. Not Mr. Sackville nor Mr. Spencer is more alive to the artistic side of life than is he. He loves nature as only a Wordsworthian can. This is the more to be noted since he springs from the ranks of small farmers, men of sterling virtues, but scarcely those to whom one looks for æsthetic potentialities or poetic endowment. Mr. Brown in his youth was an ardent politician. Even now he pronounces a brief benediction on Liberal platforms occasionally. But he is mainly preoccupied with his own work. He has, it may be, failed to develop and gather round him many colleagues and helpers, but his services to rural Nonconformity are beyond praise. He is now an old man, and his achievement of necessity is mainly in the past. But he will long be remembered with affection and gratitude by the poor and needy who find much difficulty in country places in worshipping God according to their conscience. Even judged by a standard larger than provincial he is a noticeable man, and he deserves the epitaph which Praed applied to a very different Mr. Brown in his 'Vicar.' He is emphatically '*Vir nullā non donandus lauro.*'

"IDEAS AND CROTCHETS."

XXX.

MR. ALBERT PELL.

OF all political types the rarest in the provinces is that of the Independent Conservative. Not that the leaders of the great party of order are not every whit as sincere and as full of ability as their opponents. But Conservatives, as a rule, hang together, and work with much solidarity, and there is scarcely the scope among them for the multifarious opinions on secondary points which have always characterized the Liberals. Northamptonshire, however, possesses one conspicuous example of an acutely independent Conservative in Mr. Albert Pell. Mr. Pell has long been a man of mark in the world of agricultural politics, and, excepting Lord Spencer, has a wider reputation for public service than any other of our prominent men. He is obviously a Conservative. He sat for Leicestershire for years in that interest, and detests Mr. Gladstone and all his works as cordially as do Lord Knightley and Mr. Sackville. In our own county last year he was as anxious as Sir George Gunning to rouse the jovial sportsman of Thornby to oppose Mr. Spencer. He never loses a chance of pouring contempt on that appeal to popular feeling and intelligence which is of the essence of Radicalism. But Tory though he be of a most uncompromising type, there can be no doubt about his independence. When in the House of Commons he formed with Mr. Clare Sewell Read the farmers' party, and he would not shrink for a moment from dispensing with all colleagues if he wished to make a stand on some—to him—important point. He is a magistrate for

three counties, but is more than willing to admit that he is not a Quarter Sessions man. And, indeed, there is little in common between the smooth traditionalism of the assembled magistracy and the rather rugged individualism of Mr. Pell.

The special objects of interest to his vigorous and unusual mind are agriculture, sanitation, and education. In agriculture he takes, of course, a line of his own, and a very interesting one. He has no sympathy with the suicidal instinct which is now impelling most agriculturists to rush violently down a steep place into the sea—of Protection, and he is as staunch a Free Trader as Cobden or Mr. Mundella. But he takes the true Tory line about land and its burdens, and fights what is really the battle of the landlords, on matters of subventions to local rates, with adroitness as well as perseverance. He worships the idea of thoroughness, and has for his last project moved actively in establishing a school of agricultural education at Cambridge, which has much promise, and should do great things for scientific farming in years to come. But the subtleties of agricultural conditions are sometimes too much even for Mr. Pell, and disgusted Tory farmers who view with amazement and irritation his Free Trade principles are still waiting for the fulfilment of his prophecy that America cannot permanently supply wheat under forty shillings a quarter.

Equally to the fore is he in sanitary matters. He knows the Public Health Act as well as he does his Prayer-book, and if there is one institution for which he has a tender feeling in his inmost heart it is the Local Government Board. He has few good words to say for medical officers of health, for whom he has all the dislike that the amateur generally feels towards the professional. But on the Sanitary Committee of the County Council he carries weight, and he has much to do with determining the policy adopted.

Although prominent in many ways in Northamptonshire, a county alderman and magistrate, the *vir pietate gravis* of the Chamber of Agriculture, and in everyone's judgment among the first ten men in the county in point of knowledge and administrative power, to many he is best known as the henchman of Canon Bury on the Brixworth

Board of Guardians. There he is no doubt a great power. His utterances have not either the finish or the sting of the chairman's, but his practical experience is greater, and he appeals with even more astuteness to the predispositions of the ratepayer and the occupier of land. Terrible as he is, however, to the supporters of outdoor relief, his hand is readily in his own pocket to assist those whose claims to public help he would oppose to the end both in theory and practice.

The key to Mr. Pell's curious blend of opinions is found when one remembers the prevalent philosophy of his youth. He is a Peelite arrested half-way on the road to Liberalism. Like all the Peelites, he broke with old Toryism on economic questions, but unlike most of them he has never got so far as to sympathize with a lowered franchise, or the promised Parish Council. We are all socialists now, but when Mr. Pell entered public life the thinkers were utilitarians and individualists. Such has he remained to this hour. Like all that school of thought, he is greater in criticism than in construction. He can throw cold water on ill-considered schemes with great dexterity. To his severe taste many pleasant and most popular things are disagreeable. He thinks agricultural shows foolish waste of money. He laughs at popular lectures. He can only just be brought to tolerate what he thinks the false political economy of reviving the lace trade. His passion, like that of Mr. Gradgrind, is for 'facts, facts, facts.' And facts he is always able to furnish, with not infrequently reasons as well. Those who meet him on committee know that he is a force to be reckoned with, and that if he means to press a point, or ventilate a question, he is as unavoidable as death. He does great service to public affairs by his own suggestions; he does even more by making other people reconsider theirs.

It goes without saying that Mr. Pell is not popular. He despises too heartily many pleasant prejudices of Radical and Tory alike to win wide applause, and he is deficient in that imaginative power and enthusiasm of temper which enable great statesmen to secure the support of multitudes for the realization of great ideas. Nor is the absence of this quality made up for by any gift of diplomatic utterance.

Smoothness and persuasiveness of statement he leaves to others. Accordingly it is only the overwhelming competition of Canon Bury which prevents his being the best-hated man in the Brixworth Union. But if unpopular in public, his colleagues, whatever their views, like and esteem him. His transparent and genuine character; his imperturbable good humour, which lets him take the hardest knocks from opponents with an unforced smile; his tireless devotion to his ideas of good government, and his patient industry, make him a high example to budding administrators. His actual achievements are most considerable. He is a specialist in agriculture, and in Poor Law administration. No Royal Commission would be complete without him as a commissioner or a witness. He is an educational reformer of a valuable though uncommon kind. Most marvellous of all, he is a Tory and a political economist. He has many ideas, and not a few crotchets. But his crotchets are generally harmless, and his ideas always valuable. If the many of his neighbours who merely hunt and enjoy themselves followed his lead in public toil, they would strengthen their order and the State. For he takes life seriously, and he spends it well.

"THE SAILOR MARQUIS."

XXXI.

THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON.

AMONG the historic families of Northamptonshire the Comptons have long been conspicuous. Only Rockingham, of the great houses, has a more dignified position than that where Castle Ashby, surrounded by the park and gardens of 'Capability' Brown, looks out over the Nene Valley, and the owners of Castle Ashby have always been among the most influential of our county aristocracy. There is a curious parallel and contrast between the Comptons and the Knightleys. Each has in turn been prominent in either party in the State. In the later fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, when Fawsley was the centre of Puritan energy, the Comptons were Royalists and courtiers of splendour and distinction. The second Earl of Northampton found death when fighting for his king at Hopton Heath, and the third was one of those men who, *plus royaliste que le roi*, had opposed to the end the attainder of Strafford. But in the last century, while the Knightleys became Tories of the deepest blue, the Comptons passed to the ranks of Liberals and Reformers, and have now for generations shared with the Spencers the leadership of the local Liberal party.

The present Lord Northampton, the fourth Marquis, was, like the present Duke of Grafton, originally a younger son. As Lord William Compton he found scope for his energies in the navy, wherein he now holds the rank of Admiral, and he shows to most people that genial brevity of manner which, under the name of bluffness, is so strongly associated in the popular mind with the sailor.

In 1877 he succeeded his brother in the titles and estate of his house, and since then has been able and in a measure willing to take interest in the affairs of Northamptonshire. As a politician he rather stands alone. Neither taking Lord Spencer's line on the Irish question, nor indulging in vehement Unionism like Lord Henley, and in a less degree the Duke of Grafton, he can scarcely be reckoned among the supporters of the present Prime Minister. But for all that he is a Liberal of the best, and in earlier days is rumoured to have held views and used expressions singularly different from the docile Toryism so common in the services.

Even now in county matters he extends to the Liberal party a firm and independent support, and no one would be keener than he in opposing any devices for the undue local predominance of the Tory party. The work which Lord Northampton does in public affairs is not very great in quantity, but in quality is scarcely open to anything but praise. He is president of St. Andrew's Hospital, and although much of the routine work falls upon Mr. Maze Gregory, he is ready to attend when specially needed. He has been the County Councillor for his own district since there were such people, and like most Liberals, and no Tories, although unopposed, took pains to meet and address his constituents in public meeting. He is a member of the Berry Wood and Sanitary Committees. Indeed, like the Duke and Lords Exeter, Spencer, and Henley, he has been prominent in asylum management. What may be the subtle connection between peers and lunatics, thus suggested, who can say? Perhaps the omniscience of debating societies or the inquiries of the new journalism may some day ascertain. But it is probably one of contrast, for Lord Northampton, like the other peers, is a man of healthiness and cheeriness of mind. In council or on committee, he speaks but seldom, but when he does it is always with sense, and generally with humour. Sanitary matters have long interested him, all the more, possibly, because his views and those of the Rural Sanitary Authority about Yardley Hastings are not precisely identical. He has his own ideas on most things, and likes to form his own conclusions. Farming he naturally has no special know-

ledge of, but he takes exceptional interest in all the buildings on his estate. His clerk of the works would be the first to bear witness to the Marquis's energy in this department. His active management of his own affairs is a leading characteristic, and he is accessible and not impatient of reasoning.

It is Lord Northampton's own fault and the county's misfortune that comparatively little is seen of him. He has a charming property in far-off Mull, whence he indulges his taste for yachting and his love of salt water, and many a time when others are in evidence in Northamptonshire matters, he is enjoying the more romantic scenery of

> 'Ulva dark and Colonsay,
> And all the group of islets gay,
> That gird famed Staffa round.'

Lord Northampton is in many ways a favourite of fortune. He is seventy-five years of age and he does not know what the gout means. His parents were probably the most cultured people Northamptonshire has seen in this century. His son is the most promising of the younger aristocratic Radicals. But for himself he needs neither to lean on the hope of the one nor on the fame of the others to gain from those who know him respect and liking. Disrespectful people have spoken of him as 'jolly,' but he will overlook the familiarity in consideration of the intended compliment. He is lucky who has so few enemies and so many friends as the sailor Marquis.

XXXII.

MR. J. A. GOTCH.

IT has been observed by curious spectators that the public men of Northamptonshire have, for the most part, one characteristic. They are nearly all incurably middle-aged. Honoured veterans are really rather numerous. Men of experience are found in all spheres of action, but there are few who give signs of becoming honoured veterans in years to come. Accordingly, as one of these few, if for no other reason, Mr. Gotch merits portraiture in that character so dear to moralists and romancers of the promising apprentice. For he is obviously young. Certain registers at Kettering do indeed testify to his being forty years of age, but no one would believe them even if attested by the oath of the registrar. He is a pet of fortune in other ways. He springs from one of those old Nonconformist families — too few anywhere, and in Northamptonshire to be counted on the fingers of the hand—who, through generations of social shadow, kept something of that taste for learning and that sense of manners which form the true dividing line between gentle and simple. He has, therefore, points in common with different classes and schools of opinion. He is Radical enough to have been chosen by Kettering to succeed Mr. Stockburn on the County Council, but his tastes and attainments are such as to make him, of all the untitled Liberals, most of a *persona grata* to the Conservative "county" people. His own special occupation is in itself interesting. Peers, squires, lawyers, and commercial magnates are all found in adequate numbers in our public life. But

"THE PROMISING APPRENTICE."

Mr. Gotch is none of these. He is an architect, a member of that great profession which has filled the past with its successes and the present with its failures. And as an architect he has contrived to accomplish something of value. The imitation in stucco of mistakes made by mediæval artists in stone has not sufficed for his ambition. He has preferred to labour in understanding some part of the great past. Assisted by Mr. Talbot-Brown, he is producing a book on the Renaissance Architecture in England, which is meant to become the standard work on the subject, and which almost certainly is the only book now being written in our county which has much chance of living as permanently valuable.

As the author of this work Mr. Gotch deserves the gratitude of his fellow-citizens. For the great Elizabethan houses are the glory of our county. Where else can be found within a morning's drive so rich memorials of that great era, the stately dignity of Rushton, the idyllic repose of Apethorpe in its lonely valley, the uniform splendour of Burghley, and Kirby with its melancholy charm. It is to be feared, indeed, that the treatise may be somewhat caviare to the general reader, and it would with advantage bear a more elaborate and popularized letter-press. But it is a fine example of accurate and scholarly labour.

From these various reasons it will be seen how good a start Mr. Gotch has made in public life. He has, of course, at present achieved but little. Speeches at Kettering and careful attendance to County Council work are associated with his name, and in the latter sphere he is becoming accepted as the spokesman of Kettering's needs and demands. Whether he has enough strenuousness to become a power in public life is open to argument. He is essentially an artist in temperament, and strenuousness in other matters is not a common virtue with artists. But though in the main concerned with the æsthetic view of things, he has modifying qualities. He is no Puritan, and the repose of his ancestors in chapel graveyards is thought by some to be disturbed by his prominence at amateur theatricals. Yet if he has broken with the Puritan restrictions he has kept hold of the Puritan shrewdness and the Puritan sincerity of temper. He cannot be recom-

mended as an easy man for necessitous persons to try to cheat. He keeps his eyes open.

In one office he has scored a success. He was appointed a magistrate some two months ago, and persons in a position to know, are already impressed with his application and power of judgment.

In Kettering itself he takes an increasingly active interest. He opposed with some vigour the movement for incorporation. He even unbends to the elaborate burlesque of a Parliamentary Debating Society. Altogether it looks as if he meant taking up life seriously and fully. It is to be hoped that he will. Not only will it be piquant to watch the career of one who, coming from the Nonconformist flock and the Liberal camp, yet shows strong affection for the artistic side of things; but there is special hope attaching to a possessor of the varied advantages with which Mr. Gotch has commenced.

Kettering is among the most prominent towns in the shire, and Mr. Gotch in his entrance into general politics has had the Kettering democracy behind him. With that to urge him on he should do not a little, and he will disappoint his friends if what he does is not of good and lasting quality.

"DAINTREE."

XXXIII.

MR. E. C. BURTON.

IN every county there are some men who, while taking an active part in general county business, are most noticeable as being each the leading man in his own district. Small towns and large villages generally have some one person who in the main has his own way. So is it in Northamptonshire. Earls Barton, for instance, follows Mr. Daniel Sheffield. Higham Ferrers registers the decrees of Mr. Hirst Simpson. At Rushden Messrs. Denton and Wilkins are perpetual consuls, and Rothwell without Mr. F. Barlow would be lost. Exceptions no doubt there are. He would be a bold man who should aspire to dominance over Towcester, and no one towers above his fellows at Thrapston or Oundle. But the rule on the whole applies, and nowhere more conspicuously than in the prominence of Mr. E. C. Burton in the ancient borough of Daventry.

That quiet old town, for ever dozing among its hills, has the usual characteristics of such places. Party conflict, social relationship, religious energy, and sporting interests are all represented in miniature. In one way or another Mr. Burton has his say in all, and carries with him the support and the adhesion of the larger number of his fellow-townsmen. Originally, like his father before him, a country solicitor of large practice, and careful and steady rather than talented, he has added many other occupations to his professional one. His partners and himself hold most of the appointments possible for lawyers in the district, and he is personally the clerk to the county magistrates. He

is Major and honorary Colonel of the local volunteers, and the patron of the local fire brigade. He is a Churchman, of course, and equally of course a Tory. But his influence goes beyond strict party lines. On Imperial issues Daventry is pretty equally divided between parties, but Mr. Burton obtained a swinging majority at the County Council election over much the most influential local Liberal. The truth is, he has given his mind for many years to the task of acquiring ascendancy over Daventry, and he has succeeded. On the whole it has been done legitimately and fairly, but sometimes criticism has had occasion for comment. In his anxiety to sit on the County Council he came perilously near clap-trap in his election address. The attack he launched against the financial policy of previous years, if it hit anybody, hit the Conservative majority of Quarter Sessions. And although on this occasion he seemed playing to popular prejudice, he does not as a rule show much popular sympathy. He is a silent, unexpansive man, who has been called 'glum' by his critics. Doubtless this leads to misconceptions of his character, which has a really agreeable and attractive side. He is a pleasant colleague in public work. To that imaginative power which enables some men to bear in mind their points of agreement with antagonists, even while they are in the full tide of controversy, he rightly makes no pretence. Nor is he a person of vague opinions, given to trimming between parties. No more consistent Tory of the country-lawyer type could easily be found. But he is free from venom, and when a controversy is over he does nothing to keep up animosity. His civility is quite sincere and unaffected.

There is another way altogether in which Mr. Burton shines. In a county devoted to sport he has a record very hard to beat. Land and water are alike to him spheres of athletic distinction. At Oxford, where he won his studentship at Christchurch, he found time to row for his University five times, at Putney or Henley, and since he went down 'the House' has never been head of the river. He was a crack 'sprinter,' as Sir J. D. Astley will remember. His fame in steeplechases is undying, since he won the first Grand National Hunt Steeple-

chase at Harborough in 1860 on Bridegroom, and repeated his feat the next year on Queensferry. He is sixty-six years of age, and has just finished his sixty-first season with the Pytchley. He is a good and safe shot, who does not waste cartridges on anything out of range. Even in sport he is a true Conservative, and he stuck to muzzle-loaders later than most. It is not so long ago since he was noticed pursuing a refractory setter with a gun in one hand and a ramrod in the other.

Altogether, whether from his tall form and square shoulders, or from his supremacy at Daventry, he is in no sense a man to be overlooked. Some people have taken on themselves to comment on one of his characteristics—his robust bluntness of speech. But this is part of his wisdom. He knows that it is well to be somewhat out of the common, and bluntness of speech is much safer and less dangerous than the opposite extreme of too great sharpness of point. The man who in our day calls a spade a spade is a wholesome corrective, alike to the florid extravagance of some and the over-refinement of others.

XXXIV.

"WILL" GOODALL.

NOW, as always, there are many persons of not a little local consequence to whom Northamptonshire mainly exists as a place for hunting. Were this series conceived not from the point of view of public business, but from that of private enjoyment, much space and many portraits would naturally be given to the followers of 'The Pytchley' and 'The Grafton'; for while other matters divide opinion, no Northamptonshire man worth his salt is indifferent to the fox-hunting glories of his county. As it is, such adequate treatment is impossible, and to choose one from out the crowd of famous sportsmen for portrayal would be invidious; and, therefore, this is not the place to dilate on the salient points of distinguished riders, on Mr. Langham's eye for a country, on Mr. Muntz's faith in a chalk-pit, on Lord Spencer's tireless enthusiasm, and Mr. Bentley's love for timber. Besides, are not these and many other things written in the book of the chronicles of Mr. Nethercote?

So one turns from the wealthy devotees of sport to their ablest and most popular servant, and the hunting side of our county may be touched upon in a word or two descriptive of 'Will' Goodall. It is now nineteen years since he succeeded Charles Payne as huntsman of the Pytchley, and a huntsman he is in the strictest sense of the word. There are to-day, as formerly, not a few who think riding and jumping to be everything, and who, like Mr. Bevan, care not so long as the fences are big enough whether the way over leads towards the hounds

"WILL."

or away from them. But in spite of such examples, fox-hunting is not yet merely a point-to-point steeplechase; and in the art and craft of the pursuit of the fox, as it has been slowly developed through many generations, Goodall has scarcely a superior in England.

He can of course ride, and ride well; but time, which builds a bow window in the temple of the body, has added to his weight, and allows a few, though not many, to excel him on this side of his occupation. It is in the knowledge of his hounds and how to use them that he is unapproached, for who else could tell, merely by letting them walk by him out of kennels, which was fit and which not for a long day's hunting? There is a story told that one day, after a meet at Stanford Hall, when hounds were running in full cry through one of the coverts, a farmer asked Goodall whether the hound he had walked was 'speaking.' 'Not yet,' replied Will, and then, as another note joined the chorus, 'There she is,' said the man, who could tell his pack one from the other merely by their voices.

In a position not without exceptional difficulties Goodall has succeeded in being generally popular. Few men in any walk of life have served a longer apprenticeship to the difficult art of being all things to all men. He shows not a little ability in making his remarks acceptable to the person he is addressing. He is wise enough not to imitate his superiors in all things, and in spite of some well qualified to instruct him in strong language, the most difficult emergency only draws from him the 'Now, gentlemen, *if* you please,' which votaries of the Pytchley know so well.

He has courage as well as skill and discretion. Everyone remembers the story of his swimming (mounted) the flooded Nene below Cogenhoe, and then escaping all danger of rheumatism and chill by pouring whisky into both boots, as well as into its natural receptacle.

He has, too, his virtues and his superstitions. Eighteen years ago he broke his leg, and he has only missed morning church on Sundays seven times since. He has a rooted objection to be photographed, and was sketched for almost the first time in his life in the present year.

Needless to say he is devoted to his occupation. When summer

brings an end to the more exciting side of his work, he is just as thoroughgoing in his care of hounds and training of puppies. Times have altered since the Falconry at Althorp was used for its original purpose, when Sacharissa and Sunderland stood in its gallery to watch the swoop of hawk upon heron over the trees of Sir John's Wood. Now it makes a peaceful home for the veteran huntsman, and there in the dog days of July one may find him keen as ever about his 'beauties,' and anxious that the Pytchley shall be well represented at this or that hound show that is coming on. He has leisure at such times to make his quaint reflections about men and things, which are usually worth noting. Like the prosperous and substantial person he is, he is a good Tory, but he never votes at elections. One can scarcely fancy him agitating for change, for, with all the responsibilities of his work, the lines have fallen to him in pleasant places. He is generally appreciated and he has a better chance of immortality than most men, for he will be remembered as long as the sporting instincts of Englishmen preserve the fame of the Pytchley Hunt.

"THE PINK OF PROPRIETY."

XXXV.

MR. JAMES BARRY.

THERE is not much fascination to the outsider in the domestic politics of Northampton town. The struggles of disunited Radicals and outnumbered Tories are absorbing to the combatants themselves, but to spectators they are wanting in charm of incident or magnitude of issue. Yet from out the hurly-burly one or two figures show with some distinctness, and a certain interest attaches to the way in which the smaller party has contrived to secure its full share of municipal power. One of these figures is that of Mr. Barry, and his public life goes some way to explain the successes of local Conservatism. He is a nephew of Sir Charles Barry, and was originally a chemist, like his father before him. For many years before he meddled in the strife of parties he was known and respected as a quiet and honourable citizen, whose qualities were largely concealed by a gift of shyness, which he has since, happily, lost. But being among other things a sincere and earnest Tory, he was in time drawn into the vortex of town politics, and Northampton has reason to be grateful that it was so. He became prominent at a time when his party had special need of him. The prevailing sentiment and thought of the town has for centuries been Liberal, and since the Municipal Corporations Act destroyed the old co-opted Council, it has taken the Tories all their time to hold their own in the government of the borough. Their chance has lain in a policy of adroit moderation, which should rally to their side the non-political electors, and should avoid with special care errors in tactics. Mr.

Barry, who would have been of little use if dash and daring had been required, has been just the man to help to guide a party so situated. He has always had a power of 'carrying weight,' and, without showing any striking talent, has impressed people generally with being a safe and intelligent director of public affairs. He is a gentleman and behaves like one, but the fiercest bloods of his party do not doubt his vigorous and energetic Toryism.

Accordingly, he has now for years been the undisputed leader of the Conservative Party in the borough. Neither the vehemence of Dr. Buszard nor the versatile industry of Mr. George Norman has done so much for their side as Mr. Barry's sober sagacity.

Without being exactly a squire of dames, he commands a larger proportion of the female vote at municipal and School Board elections than his colleagues or his rivals, and he is the strongest Tory candidate to be found for the doubtful East Ward. He is connected by marriage with the Phippses, and hence he has had the help which that family, influential as it has been in the trading community of the district, could give him.

Local offices of honour have naturally come in his way. He has twice been Mayor. He is one of the oldest magistrates. He succeeded the late Mr. Adkins as Chairman of the School Board in 1886, and though a convinced supporter of the 'voluntary' school system, has acted in that office with fairness and dignity.

In religious matters especially he has always taken interest. He has been churchwarden of All Saints from time immemorial, and as he marches up the central aisle to superintend the offertory he is even more impressive than when haranguing an excited audience at the Conservative Club. But his religion is not merely superficially noteworthy. He has been a sturdy and devoted Churchman all his life, and if not too wide in his sympathies, he merits the support he receives from Church of England quarters.

He is above all things respectable. The word 'respectable' does, perchance, carry with it a subtle flavour of depreciation, but as applied to Mr. Barry it is strictly an adjective of praise. He is not, like too

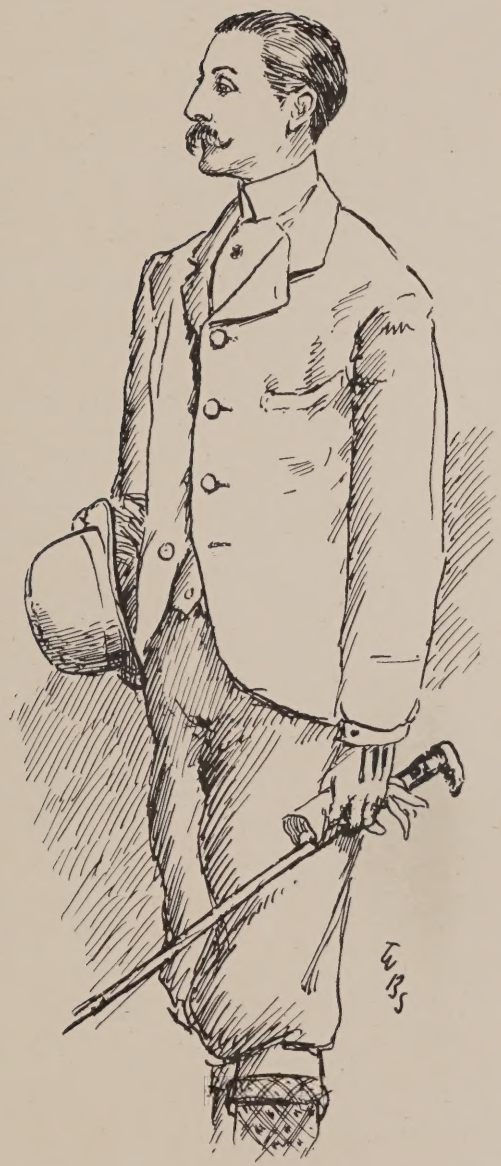
many respectable men, dull and colourless. He enjoys life, and at municipal festivities is a merry companion, who gives and takes jokes with the best. On the other hand, he is said to have lost his temper occasionally, doubtless to show what strange things he could do if he tried. For, as a rule, he is polite and conciliatory, though never effusive. He has kept his party together with much skill. The boisterous support of the publicans and the steady assistance of the staid have been equally retained for Toryism under his dexterous leadership. But he has kept in mind the good of the town as well as the welfare of his faction. To his independent action Northampton largely owes the control of its own water supply. He is upright in every sense. Magnetic he is not. Enthusiastic he is not. Eloquence and eccentricity are alike out of his line. But he has done much for Northampton, and he has done it none the worse, but rather the better, because he represents in his ways and in his appearance the pink of propriety.

XXXVI.

THE RIGHT HON. C. R. SPENCER, M.P.

N olden times the knights of the shire were persons of much local consequence. From the days of Edward I., to those of Russell and Althorp, the county representatives were always members of some influential family which had been entwined and identified with the life of the district. Since the Reform Bill this has partially altered, and the cases are not infrequent where the tie between member and constituency is purely political. But the old characteristic is still to be found in some places, and in Northamptonshire the M.P.'s for the Northern and Mid Divisions are quite of the olden type. Lord Burghley and Mr. Spencer are the scions and heirs of perhaps the two most important local families, and the career of the cousins in official life has been curiously parallel. Even if they were rarely seen in their native county, they would still rank among its representative men by reason of their ancestral connection with its past life, and their stewardship of its present interests in the House of Commons.

It is now thirteen years since Mr. Spencer appeared in the political arena to astonish friends and foes alike by his victory in the North, and to set people talking of his good looks, his skilful canvassing, and his robust Liberalism. Since then he has grown, but he has not altered. To an address and an adroitness unusually effective in a candidate for Parliament, he has since added a power of fluent and rather impressive speaking. Originally he only expressed his views in a plain and unornamented way; but he has developed considerable gift of



"BOBBY."

utterance, and has a knack of occasionally saying pointed and telling things.

Known mainly as a Liberal M.P., he has, of course, been the subject of caricature by those who dislike his opinions, and know nothing of him personally. There are, indeed, two Mr. Spencers. That of Tory legend is a person of superficial attractions and fashionable tastes, concerned only with frivolities and clothes, and innocent of thought and ability. The real Mr. Spencer is a very different man. That he is the best-dressed man in Northamptonshire is so much to his credit, but they must indeed study the fashions in a slovenly way who do not see that here as elsewhere he shows independence as well as taste. He does no doubt give the impression of delicacy rather than of strength, but it is the delicacy not of feebleness, but of refinement. And in him refinement exists alongside of strong and advanced political ideas.

He has all the tendency of the Spencers to sympathize with popular aspirations. Years ago a leading democrat, since numbered among renegades, said of Mr. Spencer 'that when the time came he would march.' He has been marching in this sense since he entered Parliament, and it will take a very revolutionary programme to cause him to drop out of the Liberal ranks.

In his appearances to his constituents Mr. Spencer has the habit of making himself attractive. He is true to his maxim that one can never be too polite. But politeness only does not explain his attraction. The much misused and overworked epithet 'graceful' applies to him fully (as is indeed natural, seeing that he is half a Seymour). Dull and dreadful functions, such as opening bazaars and presiding at tea-meetings, he performs with an airy cheerfulness which is the despair of imitators, and few of our public men can be so well trusted to leave a good impression behind them.

To some extent Mr. Spencer combines the noticeable qualities of Mr. Sackville and Mr. Monckton. He has not the force of the first, or the restless industry of the second, but he has the culture of the one and the persuasiveness of the other. His interest in most forms of mental cultivation is genuine. He is passionately fond of music.

He enjoys art—all that tendency in life and thought which pedants call 'Hellenism' is congenial to him, yet, while in the large sense æsthetic, his culture is not wanting in balance. Among the pictures at Althorp he would not allow his sense of colour and form to blot from his mind the historic interest and teaching of those varied faces, nor would his delight in the great scenes they recall blind him to charms of composition or beauties of technique. It is not everyone who beguiles the tedium of winter drives from political meetings with discussions on Vandyke or Carlo Dolci, or chat on the varieties of modern verse from Rossetti to Frederick Myers.

Mr. Spencer has his limitations. It is a great pity for himself and for his district that he is not more in touch with the local world of sport and agriculture. Indifferent health and a rather frail physique have abated any natural ardour he may have for the out-of-door life of the country gentleman. He is Captain of the Althorp volunteers, and September finds him shooting a little, but his heart is not in field-sports nor in hunting-life. Neither is he drawn to the details of county business. The fascination these have for his brother casts no spells over him. He can work, and work hard, but the sphere of his industry is the Lobby, not Northamptonshire. Even in his own line of politics he is not a man of special initiative, and those who only know him on the platform rarely see the full play of his abilities.

He is doubtless a loser by these defects. Much of the popularity of his famous uncle was due to his knowledge of sheep and cattle, and his sympathy with the minds of their owners. That is not Mr. Spencer's style, but he is fortunate in having other gifts which bring him influence and liking, in spite of his deficiency in bucolic charms. What Mr. Spencer does in 'our county' is interesting and useful, but his real value to Northamptonshire consists in what he is. Historically a Whig, with that union of social exclusiveness and democratic sympathies that has always marked the Whigs, he himself is something more. He is the best example in this locality of a person of exceptional refinement who is also an ardent Liberal. No type is of more service to the community at the present hour. Even in

Northamptonshire is occasionally heard that vilest of vulgar errors, which affects that no gentleman can be a Radical, and that no gentleman who professes Radicalism can be sincere. Mr. Spencer is a standing refutation of this pestilent heresy. Among the roughest sons of democracy he is always a model of manners, and in the most courtly and exalted circles he does not forget his principles.

And like all those few who are conspicuously faithful to the somewhat divergent ideals of culture and freedom, Mr. Spencer counts nearly everyone his friend. When a man is not only spoken of, but thought about, under his Christian name, he must be amiable. So it is with Mr. Spencer. If everyone calls him 'Bobby,' it is only because everyone likes him.

XXXVII.

LORD BURGHLEY, M.P.

IKE his cousin, Mr. Spencer, Lord Burghley is a person indispensable to a series dealing with leading figures of Northamptonshire life. What one is to the Liberal party, the other is to the Conservatives. Many a sturdy Church and State man must rejoice at the career of Lord Burghley, with its promise of continuing for another generation the leadership of the elder Cecils in the public concerns of the northern part of the county. Elected first in 1878, on the death of Mr. George Ward Hunt, Lord Burghley has fought successfully four contested elections, or at any rate, though second to Mr. Spencer in 1880, he has never been rejected by the constituency. At first, he himself would allow, he was not a master of politics, and his mistakes helped his opponents. But he has long since become a useful and a not unwise expounder of Tory principles. His steady growth in political calibre is one of the noteworthy things about him, and there can be no doubt that his hold on his constituency has strengthened with the development of his powers.

The two young leaders of Northamptonshire parties have advanced *pari passu* in official life. Each has successively been Parliamentary groom-in-waiting and Vice-Chamberlain of the Household. Mr. Spencer's unwearied toil in the Lobby is indeed a most valuable public service, and Lord Burghley, from his party's point of view, is entitled to similar praise.

To his constituency, and to the county of Northampton gene-

A COLONEL OF MILITIA.

rally, he shows better than other local politicians that particular variety of opinion and policy which marks the official Tory. He will go with his party, and as far as his party, but he is not likely either to go farther or to go by himself. An official Tory—as an official Liberal—is one whose actions are modified by the sense which his acquaintance with affairs gives him of what is practicable, and what forces for and against have to be weighed. Lord Burghley's Toryism is sincere and high-toned, but he knows better than some of his friends what must be accepted and what can be achieved. For this reason, while he is a less interesting personality than either the satirist of Drayton or the diplomatist of Fineshade, his political influence is at least equal to theirs.

Apart from controversial politics, Lord Burghley does good work in his own district. There are many committee meetings and such-like engagements which he is called upon to attend in the neighbourhood of Stamford, and he can be depended on either to appear himself or provide a substitute. He remembers his duties, and is methodical and painstaking. He is a good man of business, and there is nothing flighty or extravagant about him. Indeed, it is curious to see how just those qualities which are associated in the popular mind with the excellencies of middle-class people are so conspicuous in this representative of our old nobility. But while Lord Burghley may exhibit these virtues, he is an aristocrat to his finger-tips, and has both the dignity and the temperament of blended pride and courtesy which are congenital to members of the governing class. Personally popular at first sight he scarcely is, but any apparent haughtiness is only apparent, and he can and does treat opponents as well as friends with respect and consideration. Now and then at a public dinner or at some uncontentious function he comes out with happy and rather humorous remarks, which he might with advantage to all indulge in more frequently.

He has succeeded his father as Colonel of the county militia. The most sympathetic recognition is deserved by those who devote time and care to this department of the public service. Lord

Burghley is the worthy head and representative of the militia to the Northamptonshire public. He is a good soldier and 'an excellent drill.' Not precisely possessing the temperament which arouses enthusiasm, he can yet command from everyone that respect that does not exclude liking, and the efficiency of his battalions is safe in his hands.

In a different way, and for different reasons, Lord Burghley, like Mr. Spencer, is perhaps of most local value when considered as an example. The progress of events and the direction of current tendencies must in many things be eminently distasteful to those old Tory families, from one of the most important of which Lord Burghley springs. The temptation must be great to the younger men to let politics go their way, and to spend their time carelessly in 'taking the good the gods provide them.' But such considerations, if yielded to, are fatal. An aristocracy divorced from public service has reached the beginning of the end. It is only by taking up the duties of citizenship which lie so ready to their hands that they can retain that place in public opinion and in the organizations of the State which is necessary to their continued good fortune. Accordingly Lord Burghley does service to his order by taking up vigorously the public life in which his ancestors were so prominent in—to them—more congenial times.

And one may go further, and say that not his order only but the State is the gainer. To some honest but extreme Radicals it may seem a hard doctrine, but it is obviously true, that the old Tories, with their wealth of tradition and their hold on certain sides and principles of life—overlooked, it may be, in more democratic coteries—have the means of supplying elements of value to the life of the nation. And from the point of view of party itself it is well that the forces of order and caution should continue to be led by the honourable and patriotic representatives of distinguished houses, rather than by speculators from the world of finance or charlatans from the desert of Tory democracy. Lord Burghley, simply concerned to do his duty with the industry and thoroughness that mark him, probably does not trouble himself with these considerations, but they are none the less present more or less consciously, to the minds of those men of all parties who acknowledge his usefulness and who wish him well.

METHODISM.

XXXVIII.

MR. JOHN DENNEY.

ARISTOCRATIC eyebrows may possibly rise at the inclusion in 'Our County' of a plain village schoolmaster of the Wesleyan persuasion, but no estimate of the factors which combine in our public life should omit the quiet and permeating forces of Methodism—forces pointedly shown in the position of Mr. John Denney, of Silverstone. The district which he pervades is one somewhat out of the common. No resident squire has for ages guided the destinies of Silverstone, though Whittlebury is within sight, and has sometimes tried to make itself felt. The curate-in-charge is shed annually like the oak-leaves of the surrounding woods. Accordingly, deprived of the blessings which flow from clerical influence and Tory domination, Silverstone is a hotbed of Radicalism and schism, and finds its leader in the experienced and canny schoolmaster of the local Methodists.

Any country gentleman may think himself lucky if he possesses half the influence in the parish which he owns that Mr. Denney has in the parish where he teaches. A large majority of the peasantry of the neighbourhood have passed through his school, and there had the elements of primary education stirred into them with no small amount of vigour. And when the Silverstone lad leaves school for wood-cutting, he neither wishes nor tries to escape from Mr. Denney's guidance. Those who were pupils become followers and friends, and this schoolmaster's relation to his old scholars is probably unique. For it is not merely shown in the ordinary ways of advice and general

leadership. Mr. Denney performs for Silverstone the varied duties which pertain to the public letter-writer in Southern Spain. He is understood to indite epistles whether of business or affection for those in whom English composition is not a strong point. He is suspected (by indignant lawyers) of having drafted wills and set down contracts, and to the puzzled and amused outsider seems to unite for his beloved village the power of an Irish priest and a French *maire*.

Anyone who has this influence in a large village must be a man out of the ordinary. Such Mr. Denney certainly is. He does not, indeed, appear so, and might be taken as simply an intelligent and typical conductor of an elementary school. But he is possessed of an accurate and extensive knowledge of the kind of human nature he has to deal with, and he is not without mother-wit. He knows, as a rule, when to interfere and when to let alone. He can make a joyful noise with the best of his co-religionists, and is quite in touch with the hearty emotionalism of his Church; but in mundane matters he is long-headed, and, kind as well as shrewd, he uses his ascendancy with good results.

His religious activities are seen in his being a tireless and acceptable local preacher. For many miles on either side of his home he can be depended on to supply Wesleyan pulpits, and his homely and practical vigour has in this way increased his reputation throughout a wide district, among those on whom Methodism depends.

In politics he is a firm Liberal, and manages to do much for his party and his principles without unduly ruffling people's feelings. Schoolmasters are not generally credited with being agreeable colleagues, but Mr. Denney, while always independent, understands the inevitable give-and-take of party organization.

His hold on his district was shown by the majority with which, as a candidate for the County Council, he overwhelmed Mr. Messenger, of Bradden, one of the best of the Tory farmers. On the Council he has been a distinct figure. He is gifted with a voice which can do everything but whisper, and when he is roused to utterance, no one is likely to sleep under his remarks. He has served on the Education

Committee, where his practical knowledge has been of use in correcting the theories of the amateurs, distinguished or the reverse, who compose the rest of the committee. There are some who ascribe to him a certain contentiousness of tone which is not essential to administrative work, and which may be noticeable at times. But peremptoriness is a virtue in a schoolmaster, and if Mr. Denney hits hard, and puts any grievance as if it were a grievance, he is placable and open to reason, and is not unmindful of the true method of public work which enables a man to genially support those whom a moment before he has been withstanding with perhaps a little heat.

Mr. Denney is the brother-in-law of Mr. Judge, and there are not a few points in common between the relatives. But Mr. Denney is neither so picturesque nor so unrestrained as the paladin of Brackley. He has had all his life to manage boys, and is more interested in managing, than in rousing men. He is a striking example of the great and widespread influence which a man may gain by good humour, good sense, and a careful and cordial attachment to the beliefs and aspirations of his class. Village Methodism does not loom large in the eyes of those who are preoccupied with fashionable politics and religion, but there are few men of any rank or ability in the county from whom can be learnt more of the thoughts and needs of the industrious poor than from the teacher of Silverstone, Mr. John Denney.

XXXIX.

MR. N. P. SHARMAN.

WELLINGBOROUGH, as has been pointed out already, has more than its share of persons who are entitled to be called representative men. Despite the fact, too, that its leading people are mostly Nonconformist Liberals, they differ much one from the other, and in no sense would it be fitting if Mr. Sharman were not placed in this gallery of sketches, alongside Mr. Dulley and Mr. Woolston.

Time flies fast, and to-day Mr. Sharman is scarcely so prominent as he was ten years ago. But he is still well in the front rank, and has had, perhaps, more than his colleagues to do with the immediate past of Wellingborough life. The Sharmans, like the Gotches, represent the most cultivated strain in local Nonconformity, and while not specially gifted with artistic susceptibilities, Mr. Sharman is the worthy head of his family.

The key to his character and his actions lies in the fact that his traditions and his principles point one way, and his temperament the other. In this he is analogous to Mr. Monckton. Just as the one is a Conservative by training and conviction, yet with a habitual bias towards democracy, so Mr. Sharman, while a staunch Liberal by antecedents and by reasoned thought, has yet the cautious temperament of a true Conservative. Such paradoxes are not so rare as might be supposed, and in Mr. Sharman's case the conflict of tendencies within him has probably increased his usefulness. His services to Liberalism have been great, especially in those days in 1878 and 1880

"CAUTION."

when Wellingborough was the centre of the attempts to win the Northern seat. When in 1884 the town turned out to denounce the Lords and agitate for the franchise, he was the ubiquitous adjutant of the demonstration. He has married one of the strongest and most intelligent Liberals that one could meet with, and Mrs. Sharman and he retain all their interest in politics. Where his Conservative temperament comes in, is in the view he takes of new methods, and of details generally. By nature he sees difficulties with clearness, and is not carried away by enthusiasm. There is no fire about Mr. Sharman, but he can pour cold water on occasions with deadly effect. Accordingly, he loses some means of influence, even though his opinion does not fail to command respect.

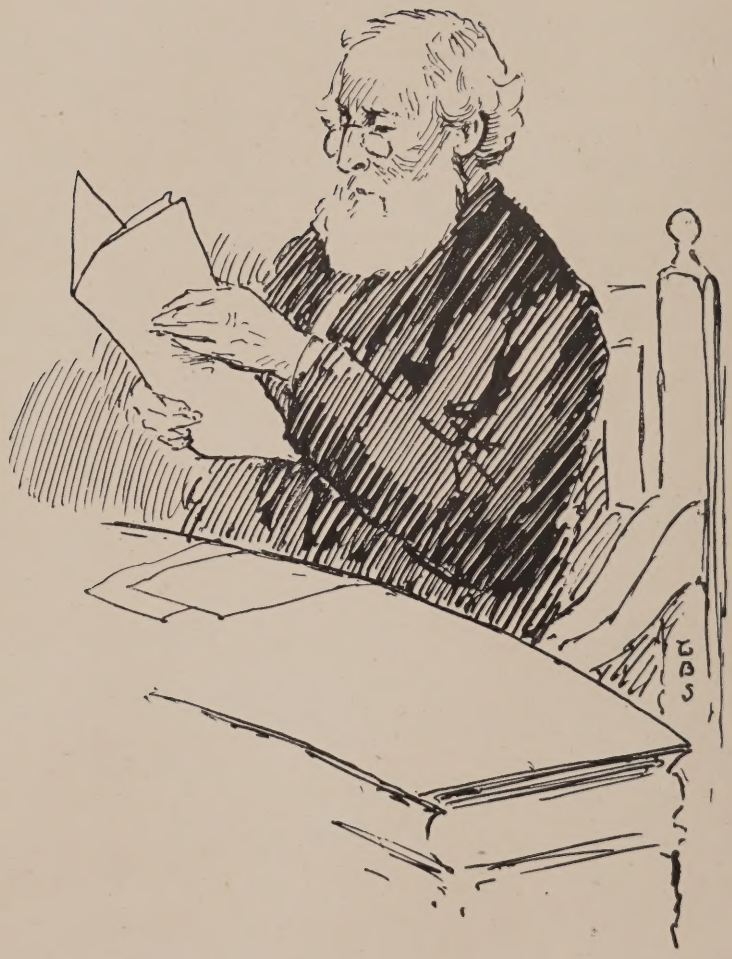
All this is seen, too, in his religious activities. He is the best example in this part of England of the old-fashioned Dissenter, orthodox in doctrine, and critical of new developments, who is yet obviously an educated and thoughtful gentleman. Only Mr. Wilkinson has more influence than he has on our organized Nonconformity, and all his life he has loyally assisted the true interests of Congregationalists.

He is the treasurer of their county association, and as a treasurer of societies he is perfectly at home. Some think him a trifle hard in the ruthlessness with which he applies rigid financial tests to the professions of prosperity made by philanthropic bodies, but the service he does in this way is of great value. Not a little of the satisfactory business arrangements of the Congregational Churches of the county are due to Mr. Sharman's methodical and vigorous economy.

It shows the variety of human nature that Mr. Sharman, typical as he is of the older and more "dour" type of Dissent and religion, should, as well as his wife, be a well-known figure on the hunting-field. But so it is, and for many years he has preserved health and enjoyed recreation at all meets within a reasonable distance of Wellingborough. When he is not hunting he is driving, and he has as hearty a devotion to fresh air as the most modern of athletes.

There is nothing "gushing" or demonstrative about Mr. Sharman,

but there is more sterling kindness behind his quiet manner than is always found from more emotional people. He has a good memory for friends, and his unswerving integrity is an example. He may always be trusted to say what he thinks, and to a man's face rather than behind his back. Public life has brought him influence and honours, of which he probably values his county magistracy most. The work of Petty Sessions he thoroughly enjoys, and his qualities fit him for the duties of an administrator of justice. He was for three years on the Standing Joint Committee, and he is a regular attendant at Quarter Sessions. He is, and has for a long time been, Chairman of the Wellingborough Board of Guardians, and for twelve years of initial work he presided over the town School Board. In these offices and in all his public aspects he has held his own, and has made his impression. Many men excel him in popular gifts; few equal him in fidelity to principle.



"THE LAST GENERATION."

XL.

MR. J. L. STRATTON.

IT is not because the list of all noteworthy Northamptonshire men is exhausted that one goes outside the county for the last of the series. But Mr. Stratton, though his home is a few hundred yards beyond the border, is in his public life a prominent member of 'Our County.' Like Mr. Burton, he is specially noticeable in his own district. Brackley, presumably because of its attractions as a hunting centre, has an unusual number of resident gentry. But Mr. Stratton comes across from Turweston to lead them in matters of local administration. His mayoralty of Brackley is chronic, as is his chairmanship of the Board of Guardians, and he is generally the presiding magistrate at the Petty Sessions.

He doubtless meets with difficulties in placing the stamp of his antique Toryism upon the government of the district. There are Mr. Judge and Mr. Curtis, neither of them shy nor silent; and Mr. Bartlett has axes to grind, and Mr. Ardenne grievances to ventilate, so that it is not all "easy going" even in Sleepy Hollow. But Mr. Stratton manages on the whole to have his own way and to get through the business, and he has the advantage of a longer experience than most men in the routine of such work. He has been the representative of Brackley on the County Council since 1889. He is now, and has been all along, the Father of the house, just beating Lord Northampton and Mr. Wallis in the race of time. As a Councillor he commands attention, but he chiefly confines himself to championing

the interests of his borough. There are few more amusing sights than when Brackley makes one of its frequent attempts to get its footpaths paid for by the county generally. Mr. Judge thunders from one side of the room, Mr. Stratton argues and appeals from the other; and a cynic who knew what poles asunder these orators are on every other subject, might reflect with much amusement how one touch of nature involved in an attack on the county purse makes opponents kin.

Mr. Stratton is perhaps the best example in our public life of the 'compleat' squire. Mr. Sackville and Mr. Watson are peers in all but name, despite the squirearchical tendencies of the former. Mr. Stockdale represents the quintessence of Quarter Sessions rather than the general characteristics of the untitled landed gentry. But Mr. Stratton, though not specially wealthy or markedly brilliant, embodies the type admirably. He was born in the good old Tory time of Liverpool and Eldon, and the scent of those long-faded roses clings to him a little still. Some Brackley Radicals speak of his autocratic temper and his pride of class. These, if they exist, are the defects rather of his time and position than of himself personally. In his earliest days the idea that the lower classes might with advantage share the rights and duties of citizenship had scarcely penetrated to the rural districts. He was born a member of the class supreme in rural power, at a time when it was supreme. He would be more than human if he did not retain much of the temper of his youth even under the changed conditions of to-day. But, with the views of the ancient squires, he has their gift of agreeable ways. He has done some graceful things to opponents on the County Council. His feelings may be quickly roused to dissent or indignation, but he is quicker still to reciprocate courtesies. He is free from undue primness. The luncheon interval at the quarterly Council meetings always finds him placidly smoking his pipe on the steps of the County Hall.

A somewhat pensive interest attaches to the representatives of times and orders gone past all recall, for be it for good or evil the day of the squires is over. The landed interest has given way to the moneyed classes, and instead of men of long descent and local connection, we

have the ennobled brewer and the transfigured tradesman. If, as Liberals think and argue, the change be an inevitable step towards better diffusion of power, and to broader and more enlightened citizenship, it is indeed well. But one frankly admits that with eventual gain there is also loss. The old squires of the rural parishes had virtues of character and manner worthy to be remembered. The stars in their courses are against them now, and everyone has their faults by heart. No doubt they failed largely to retain the sympathies and affection of their dependents; no doubt in the region of ideas they were rarely distinguished; but for all that they did the State good service. If they could not satisfy those beneath them, they stood up like men to those above them. If they knew little of political economy, they loved England as much as have any of her sons. As Sir George Trevelyan puts it:

> 'And though they thought if trade was free, that Britain ne'er would thrive,
> They freely gave their blood for Moore and Wellington and Clive.'

And in less definite but most needful matters they have had their merits too. Few of them have been wanting in that chivalry of manner and that sensitiveness of honour which, like charity, cover a multitude of sins. It will be fortunate if the plutocrats, their successors, are equally genuine in temper, and equally eager to discharge the duties of citizenship with conscientious honesty. In 'Our County' the effort has been made to show the value to local life of all kinds of opinions, and all ranks and conditions of men. It is surely possible to see the good of more than one class or one type of mind. But in the past it was the Tory squires who had most to do with county matters, and it is pleasant to take leave of this survey of some of our noticeable men with a sketch of so typical and attractive a representative of the last generation.

Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.